The Outlook

Vol. 76 March 5, 1904 No. 10

CONTENTS

THE WEEK:

The War in the East.................. 527
Anxiety in Europe..................... 529
A Bit of History...................... 529
The Balkan Situation.................. 530
The Hague Tribunal's Decision.......... 530
The Panama Treaty Ratified............ 531
Women Voters and the Shafroth Case... 532
The Conviction of Machen.............. 532
Educational Enactment in New York.... 533
The Tuskegee Conference............... 533
Sir Leslie Stephen.................... 534

EDITORIALS:

Americans and the War................ 535
Letters to a Minister: The Authority of the Preacher—II.................. 537
A Lenten Thought: The Blurred Vision.. 539
The Spectator......................... 541

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

Kim the Korean........................ 543
By William Elliot Griffis
Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen: Chapter XII.—At Home and at Play.......... 551
By Jacob A. Riis
March (Poem).......................... 560
By Sara Andrew Shafer
The New Secretary of War.............. 561
By George Kennan
The Old-Time District School.......... 568
By Clifton Johnson
The Genius of the Cosmopolitan City.... 577
By Hamilton Wright Mabie
Judgment (Poem)....................... 593
By Vida D. Scudder
Spring Cleaning....................... 594
By George S. Wasson
The Warfare (Poem).................... 596
By Harriet Prescott Spofford
Nut-Bearing Trees..................... 597
By J. Horace McFarland
The Spirit of Harriet................. 607
By Agnes M. Daulton
BOOKS OF THE WEEK.................... 614
CORRESPONDENCE....................... 617

The Outlook is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

Price.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

Postage is Prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila Samoa, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

Change of Address.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

Discontinuances.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

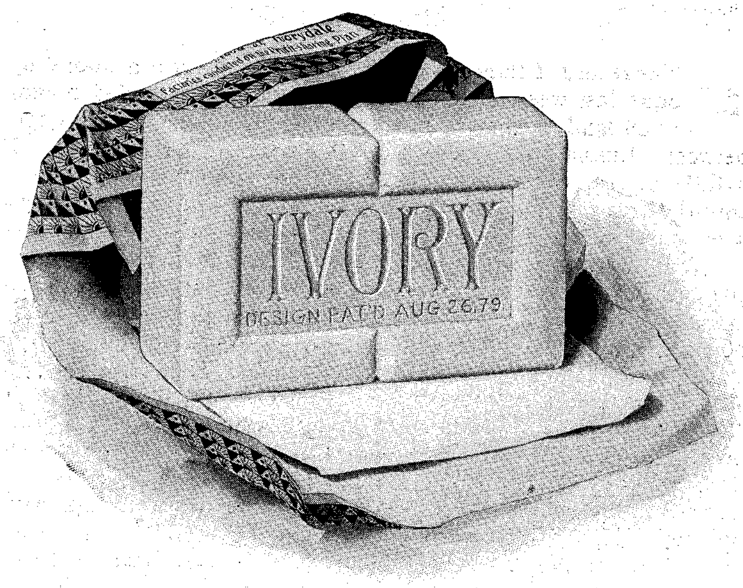
How to Remit.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of The Outlook Company. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

Letters should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building
287 Fourth Avenue, New York

Copyright, 1904, by The Outlook Company. Entered as second-class matter in the New York Post-Office.



IVORY
DESIGN PAT'D AUG 26.79
Ivorydale

The cake of Ivory Soap is so large and the price so small that some are misled to believe, quality is sacrificed to quantity.*

---

*There is no "free" (uncombined) oil or alkali in Ivory Soap. The combination is complete. Containing no "free oil," it rinses perfectly. There being no "free alkali," it is harmless to color, skin or fabric. $99\frac{44}{100}$ pure.

The Outlook

Published Weekly

Vol. 76 March 5, 1904 No. 10

The War in the East The record of things actually done last week, either at sea or on land, in the great contest between Russia and Japan, includes little of real consequence when the contradictory reports and excessive claims on both sides are sifted down to fact. The most sensational and picturesque event of the week is found in the attempt of Japan to blockade the entrance from the outer to the inner harbor of Port Arthur. This recalls vividly the somewhat similar attempt in our war with Spain to blockade the entrance to Santiago Harbor by sinking the Merrimac. In the main attack at Port Arthur on Thursday Japan sent four old steamships, loaded with explosives and combustibles, under convoy of a squadron of torpedo-boats and destroyers, and with Admiral Togo's fleet of cruisers and battle-ships as a support. The steamships were sunk, but not at the time and place required, so that the Russian claim that the ships were destroyed by the fire of the shore batteries and of the Retzivan (which, although disabled in Japan's night attack on Port Arthur on February 8, is still efficient as a battery but unable to put to sea) seems fairly well sustained. This particular attack on Port Arthur was only one incident of a continued series of what have been probably experimental attacks by the Japanese navy. The advices from Tokyo declare that none of the Japanese torpedo-boats or destroyers was injured, and that one of the enemy's destroyers was sunk; the Russians claim precisely the reverse. Port Arthur is one of the most strongly fortified places on the face of the globe, and it is improbable that a direct attack by sea in front can reduce it. Attempts in modern warfare to destroy strong fortifications by bombardment have not yielded notable success; more than one instance of this in the war with Spain can be recalled. If, however, Japan can close the harbor entrance, either by sinking ships or by a sustained blockade, it is quite possible that she may be able to invest the fort by landing troops at its rear on the peninsula upon which it stands; and, in point of fact, the sea attack, according to the reports of Saturday, has been followed by the landing of Japanese troops from transports on the landward side of the fort. The Russian war-ships which left the French port of Djibutil last week to return to Europe have, it seems, been intercepting Japanese merchant ships on the Red Sea; lack of coal, however, will compel them soon to go home or put into a neutral port. The dispute about the Russian vessel, the Mandjur, which was ordered out of Shanghai by the Chinese Government, has been settled by an agreement that it should be dismantled and docked.

⁂

The Confronted Armies A movement of the Japanese forces, twice reported, is, if it has actually taken place, of great interest and importance. This is the asserted landing of Japanese forces at Possiet Bay, seventy-five miles west of Vladivostok. This is in Russian territory—that is, in Siberia—and it is only in this direction that Japan can possibly touch territory indisputably belonging to Russia. It was hardly expected that Japan would invest Vladivostok, because that port is so far distant from what will inevitably be the main field of operations; but such a movement might be so managed as to threaten the Russian position further west, and, at all events, it would interrupt railroad communication between Russia and Vladivostok. It becomes more and more probable that the main field of the military campaign will lie in the vicinity of the Yalu River—the boundary between Manchuria and Korea. The Japanese troops, after landing at Chemulpho, have been moving northward in divisions throughout the week, and it is believed that Japan now has a considerable force (probably from twenty to thirty thousand men) between Pingyang and the Yalu; while Russia is as fast as possible strengthening her force in that vicinity. The Russian policy is evidently not to precipitate a general engagement, as every week that elapses places more Russian troops in Manchuria. The degree of rapidity with which the Siberian railway can transfer troops is really the test of Russian military possibility. German authorities declare that there were about 160,000 Russian soldiers in Manchuria at the outbreak of the war, and that it is impossible to move troops over the railway at a greater rate than eight or ten thousand men a week, because of the delay at Lake Baikal, where there is still a gap in the road. On the other hand, it is not surprising that the Japanese are not yet prepared for a general engagement in the neighborhood of the Yalu River, for its distance from Chemulpho of 250 miles would require at least two weeks for the concentration of forces. An illustration of the difficulty of determining the truth as to any and every incident in the war is seen in the case of the report from Russia that three Japanese officers were hanged by the Russians for an attempt to blow up the Sungari railway bridge. The Russian despatches give the names and titles of the Japanese officers, while the Japanese despatches assert positively that no such names are on the Japanese army list, and that the men hanged were Chinese coolies.

❀

The Relations of Manchuria and Korea to the War

The proclamation of Viceroy Alexiev to the people of Manchuria is a striking illustration of Russian methods. One notes that, while even up to the time of the rupture with Japan Russia had diplomatically spoken of Manchuria as part of China, and in its last note delivered to Japan declined to accept the proposed conditions about Manchuria on the specific ground that Manchuria was an integral part of China and hence not under the government of Russia—now at last in this proclamation direct authority over Manchuria is asserted, and the people are not only forbidden to hinder or harm the Russian troops, but ordered to render every possible assistance to them. In the quaint language of the proclamation, it promulgates rigid regulations "which all must tremblingly obey." Furthermore, notwithstanding Russia's acceptance of the principle laid down by Secretary Hay as to the neutrality of China, the Viceroy goes out of his way to assert in equally quaint language that "on this occasion the interests of Russia and China apart from Manchuria are indissolubly allied, and, on the principle of the mutual connection between the cart prop and the cart, the duty of China should be to join in attacking the destroyers and invaders. But China has announced to me her resolve to be neutral and to look on with her hands in her sleeves." Here is a disapproving tone not properly applicable to a nation which Russia has officially asked to be neutral. After this proclamation we shall probably hear nothing further of the Russian promises to evacuate Manchuria. Even more important is the action of Japan with regard to Korea. A new treaty, it is announced, has been made between Japan and Korea, by which the independence and integrity of Korea are guaranteed, and the two countries are made allies. Later on it was announced that the Korean army (perhaps from 15,000 to 20,000 men, not at all well armed or supposed to be particularly brave) will aid Japan, probably not at the front, but as home guards. The effect of the new treaty between Korea and Japan is, in a way, to legalize Japan's position and relieve her from the charge of waging war in neutral territory. A treaty between France and Russia calls upon France to support Russia if another power aids Japan in the war which was anticipated when the treaty was made. Japan's new treaty with Korea might possibly be stretched by Russia to present an argument that the situation provided for has now arisen, but France is not likely to regard the matter in this light.

❀

Anxiety in Europe Europe is very nervous regarding the situation in the East, and semi-panics may be expected to sweep over the bourses of the great cities at short intervals. So far nothing has occurred which points to any serious complication of other Powers, but the situation in the Balkans causes grave uneasiness, and the disasters which have overtaken Russia, and which are very keenly felt in that country, have drawn out expressions of sympathy in France so marked as to attract the attention of Europe as possibly significant of French co-operation with Russia in a serious crisis. Russian naval power has been crippled to an extent which, excluding the possibility of unusual accidents, gives Japan the mastery of the sea for the remainder of the war. If Russia should meet with serious defeats on land, her situation would be extremely critical, and the temptation to assist her, if French feeling remains what it is, would be great; while the Russian desire to secure either help or the intervention of some Western Power would be equally great. It has not escaped the attention of the Governments that at this moment, when pro-Russian sentiment in France seems to be steadily increasing, the Russian Government has allowed it to be known that at the time of the serious tension between England and France caused by the Fashoda incident, Russian support was offered to France against England, although the case did not come within the specific terms of the treaty between Russia and France. One great safeguard, so far as complications between Russia and England are concerned, is the exposed condition of England in the Far East, and the groups of peoples who are ready to take advantage of any serious crippling of Russian power. So long as England rules India she will be committed by many interests to the preservation of peace with Russia; and so long as the hatred of Russia burns so fiercely in Poland and Finland, so long as Sweden fears and suspects the Russian attitude towards that country, Russia might, in a moment of great weakness, find herself surrounded by bitter foes determined to secure for themselves the rights which have been destroyed by Russian conquest and rule. These weighty considerations are likely to prevail, and to restrict the war in the East to the two countries that are now conducting it; but the passions of men are often excited by unexpected accidents, and so long as the two Powers are confronting each other in the Far East the great nations in the West will not be without serious anxiety.

❀

A Bit of History Between friends bygones are bygones. It is a matter of very little consequence now, so far as the present feelings between Americans and Englishmen are concerned, what took place in the past. That there have been good grounds for complaint on both sides is cordially conceded by both sides, but it is always pleasant when an old grievance turns out to have had no basis in fact. A letter written by Mr. Gladstone in May, 1889, to Mr. Henry Clews, of New York City, which has just been made public, is an important contribution to the history of the Civil War, and disposes of one instance of supposed unfriendliness which made many Americans very sore at the time and for many years afterwards. It has often been stated, and it has been widely believed, that the British Government was, at different times before midsummer, 1863, which marked the turning-point of the war, on the point of recognizing the independence of the Confederate States, and possibly of intervening on their behalf. It is quite true that the Trent affair excited a good deal of animosity in England against the United States, and that there was among the upper classes of English society a good deal of sympathy with the Confederacy, for reasons which need not here be pointed out; but Mr. Gladstone's letter to Mr. Clews disposes effectually of the charge that the British Government was on the point of recognizing the Confederacy at a very critical period, and makes it clear that the question of recognizing the Confederacy was never seriously considered by the British Government, save on one occasion, and on that occasion the proposal was rejected unanimously and without serious debate. Mr. Gladstone wrote:

> I think it would be less than ingenuous if I did not, after reading what relates to the Cabinet of Lord Palmerston, make some reference to it.
>
> Allow me to assure you that, so far as the Cabinet is concerned, you have been entirely misled in regard to matters of fact. As a member of it, and now nearly its sole surviving member, I can state that *it never at any time dealt with the subject of recognizing the Southern States in your great Civil War, excepting when it learned the proposition of the Emperor Napoleon III., and declined to entertain that proposition without qualification, hesitation, delay, or dissent.*
>
> In the debate which took place on Mr. Roebuck's proposal for the negotiation Lord Russell took no part, and could take none, as he was a member of the House of Lords. I spoke for the Cabinet.
>
> You will, I am sure, be glad to learn that there is no foundation for a charge which, had it been true, might have aided in keeping alive angry sentiments happily gone by.

❀

The Balkan Situation

The sense of uneasiness which pervades the capitals of Europe has two sources—the war in the Far East and the situation in the Balkan region. The concentration of Russian interest and strength in Manchuria and Korea gives a practically free hand both to the Sultan and to the Bulgarian Committee, and creates a condition full of menace to the peace of southern central Europe. The Sultan has not been slow to take advantage of his opportunity, and has addressed a note to the Powers notifying them formally that the general selected by the Powers to reorganize the gendarmerie in Macedonia must not have higher rank or authority than the senior German officer in the permanent Turkish employment; which, being interpreted, means that this representative of the Powers must act under the direction of Turkish provincial Governors. In other words, the proposed administrative reforms in Macedonia are to be in the hands of Turkish Governors; and, as always happens in such cases, are to be indefinitely postponed with the hope that they will be ultimately forgotten. The Sultan has again, for the time being at least, defeated the combined diplomatic skill of Europe, and has postponed, after the well-established Turkish fashion, to the remotest future the reforms which he promised to introduce. If, under these circumstances, the Bulgarian Committee, which is largely an irresponsible body, the actions of which can be conveniently disavowed by the Government at any moment, desires to make trouble, it will have ample justification. The agent of the Bulgarian Committee in Paris has recently affirmed the loyalty of that Committee to the general scheme of reform, and its determination to refrain from any violence, out of regard for Russia. The Bulgarian Committee, however, is to be judged by its deeds rather than by its promises. There seems to be little doubt that the Bulgarian Government is anxious to avoid trouble and to keep on good terms with Russia, and for this reason is anxious that the reforms shall be honestly tried. The most reassuring fact about the situation is the report, apparently on good authority, that there is a thorough understanding in regard to the matter between France and England, and that the two Powers are determined not only that the reforms shall not be allowed to slip into the background as other reforms have been, but that there shall be no disturbance of the peace in the Bulgarian region. There is little danger of any outbreak in that section at present, but there will be great danger when spring opens and the bands of marauding revolutionists once more take the field.

❀

The Decision of the Hague Tribunal

The very fact that the decision rendered last week by the Hague Tribunal with regard to the Venezuelan claims is accepted as a matter of course, and with only the mildest dissent by those nations which have failed to establish their contention, is in itself a triumph for the cause of international arbitration and a demonstration of the practical value of the Hague Tribunal. The decision gives a preference in the time of payment to those nations—namely, Germany, Great Britain, and Italy—which applied force by naval measures to bring Venezuela to terms. The decision is not, however, as might at first appear, a broad declaration that claims backed by actual force are to have preference over claims otherwise equally valid. The Hague Tribunal did not have before it this broad and general question. Its function in this case was confined to a limitation and definition of the agreements already entered into by the Powers with Venezuela on this point. Venezuela herself naturally cares very little to which of her creditors are paid the first installments of the money derived from the thirty per cent. of her customs dues which she has agreed to set aside for the payment of debts. But she entered into two sets of protocols, one with Great Britain, Germany, and Italy, in which it was distinctly agreed that these nations should have the preference in the distribution of the thirty per cent. fund; the other, later on, with the United States and several other nations, relating to the payment of the debts due these nations. Naturally, those nations which signed the later protocol desired to be considered with equal promptness in payment, and, with the consent of all parties concerned, the particular question involved was laid before the Hague Tribunal. This has now decided that the first protocols made by Venezuela, that is, those with the three blockading Powers, must have preference. In rendering this opinion the Tribunal declares that, in all the facts submitted to it, it finds "precious evidence in favor of the great principle of arbitration in all phases of international conflict." The only unpleasant incident connected with the rendering of the decision was the allusion to the war now going on, made by President Muraviev, the Russian Minister of Justice, who, without any apparent provocation, took occasion to comment bitterly on the conduct of the Japanese in beginning the war without a declaration. Japan has filed an official protest against this uncalled-for attack.

The Panama Treaty Ratified

The treaty between the United States and the Republic of Panama, providing for the building of the Panama Canal, was ratified by the Senate last week by a vote of 66 to 14, exclusive of members who had paired. Of the Democrats, fourteen voted in favor of the canal and fourteen against; while of the five Democrats who did not vote, it is understood that three favored the treaty. The result of the vote shows that the treaty now cannot be regarded fairly as in any sense a partisan measure; the highest legislative body of the country has pronounced in its favor by a vote of nearly five to one; and whatever may be the opinions of the opponents of the Administration as to the events which preceded and attended the formation of the Republic of Panama, it is now a fully recognized fact that the Republic is established, that to build the canal we must deal with that Republic, and that the canal is to be built speedily. The determination of the Administration to press the prosecution of the work was shown by the fact that, immediately after the passage of the canal bill, legislation was introduced providing for the details of the government of the zone of territory bordering on the canal, which now comes under the control of the United States; and still more by the fact that the President immediately selected a Canal Commission which will take up the work at once. At the head of this Commission stands Rear-Admiral John G. Walker, whose ability and experience have been amply proven by his work on the former Isthmian Commission. The other members are: General George W. Davis, a retired officer of the United States army, highly skilled in engineering work; Colonel F. F. Hecker, of Detroit, who was Director of Transportation in the war with Spain; William Barclay Parsons, who as a practical engineer has no superior in this country, and who is best known, perhaps, as having had charge of the work of the New York subway; and Mr. W. H. Burr, Professor of Engineering in Columbia University. To these names will probably be added those of Mr. C. E. Grunzky, of San Francisco, who has special skill as a hydraulic engineer and as a sanitarian, and Mr. B. M. Harrod, of New Orleans, who has been the engineer of the Mississippi River Commission. The way in which this Commission is constituted gives assurance that the best energy and skill of the country will be directed to the accomplishment of the greatest engineering and commercial enterprise the country has ever undertaken.

❀

Women Voters and the Shafroth Case We have already alluded to the courageous and manly action of Representative Shafroth, of Colorado, whose seat in Congress was contested on the ground that there were wholesale and palpable frauds committed by Democratic voters and election officials on the occasion of his supposed choice by the voters of his district. In the Congressional investigation these frauds—previously unknown to Mr. Shafroth—were brought out by such overwhelming testimony that he discontinued his contest and in a speech on the floor of the House resigned his seat. There is another interesting aspect to the case. The testimony as now published shows that some of the respectable as well as some of the disreputable women voters of Denver were participants in the fraud and that others were victims of the corruption. The Democrats had control of the election machinery, and witnesses testified that some women who appeared at the polling-places with the intention of voting the Republican ticket were outrageously insulted by the election officials. Other parts of the testimony relate in detail how women "repeaters" voted, receiving from one dollar to five dollars a vote. Another circumstantial story describes the method by which certain women altered ballots which were taken from the ballot-boxes. Some pertinent conclusions may be drawn from the testimony which has been made public. It is clear that woman's suffrage in Colorado did not prevent fraudulent actions and intimidation of voters at this particular election. Such scenes as are described in the testimony in the Shafroth case, if occurring in New York City in the worst days of Tammany rule, would have aroused public indignation to a boiling point. It is quite true also that, while only a few women were involved in actual fraudulent voting and manipulation of the ballots, enough were so engaged to indicate that women of high character, when the ballot is imposed upon them, must exercise the right of voting in order to offset the effect of the corrupt and fraudulent votes of dishonest and dissolute women. The record distinctly shows that Mr. Shafroth's fraudulent election was effected by men alone and that the women of Colorado cannot be held responsible; that the cases of corrupt women voters were comparatively few, and that it is not fair to assert that the disreputable scenes in Denver at the time of Mr. Shafroth's election are due to woman's suffrage. But it is equally fair to assert that this case corroborates what Miss McCracken said in these columns in a recent article about the carelessness, ignorance, and corruption which are characteristic of some women in their active participation in politics. Most important of all, the scandal created by the testimony in the Shafroth case explains why such a very large body of American women are taking no part in the agitation for woman's suffrage and are strongly opposed to having the onerous, disagreeable, and we think unnecessary burden of voting imposed upon them. It is fair to add that ex-Governor Alva Adams, of Colorado, is reported to have recently said that "Colorado has found woman suffrage an entire success." He qualifies this commendation, however, by adding: "Women are intensely partisan on National questions, but on the local problems affecting their children and their families they vote for principle and not for party."

❀

The Conviction of Machen By far the most important outcome of the prosecution of the conspirators in the postal frauds was the conviction last week of August W. Machen. The reports of Mr. Bristow and all the evidence relating to the gigantic conspiracy to defraud the Government by its own officials pointed to

Machen as the chief instigator of these frauds. It is, therefore, with distinct satisfaction that the President and those who under his direction have investigated these charges and pushed the prosecution against the guilty parties must regard the result of the trial of Machen. With him were convicted as co-conspirators D. B. Groff, S. A. Groff, and George E. Lorenz. The charge upon which these three men were convicted was, in brief, that, through Machen's influential position in the post-office, the Groff fastener was purchased in large quantities by the Government at an excessive price, the excess in price being divided between the conspirators. While it is certain that an appeal for a new trial will be made by the defendants, it is thought by the prosecuting attorney that the conviction will stand and that the criminals will be punished by imprisonment as well as by fine. There have been two previous convictions growing out of the postal frauds—one in Baltimore and one in Brooklyn—while one case has been lost by the prosecution. The conviction of last week, however, as we have said, was not only the most important in itself, but went to the heart of the fraudulent proceedings.

⁂

Education Enactment in New York

The so-called "Unification Bill" has passed the New York Legislature. It has never been questioned that the bill would receive the Governor's signature. The result is that the administration of the tax-supported schools of the State is hereafter to be under the practical control of a Commissioner of Education. Heretofore the administration of the school system of the State has been divided between the Superintendent of Public Instruction, periodically chosen by the Legislature to serve for a stated term, and the Board of Regents, the members of which have been chosen virtually for life. The Superintendent has had charge of the elementary schools; the Regents have had charge of the high schools and academies, and, so far as their authority was accepted, of the institutions not supported by taxes. In order to bring about a unified administration, the natural and right thing to do was to make the Regents a responsible body, and put the control in their hands, with the Superintendent or Commissioner an executive officer elected by them and subject to their direction. This is what the Regents should have worked for. Instead of that, they threw up their hands, declared unification impracticable, and advocated a measure specifically defining the scope of each of the two educational authorities. As a consequence, the politicians of the State, taking advantage of the strong public sentiment in favor of unification, carried through the present bill, which, though it could not constitutionally abolish the Board of Regents, puts the entire control into the hands of the Commissioner of Education, to be elected, not by the Regents, but by the Legislature. It is true that the Regents are given advisory powers now over all the schools of the State, and after six years are empowered to elect the Commissioner; but their administrative power is practically taken away, and their organization is so devised that in six years the new members, to be elected by the Legislature, will be in a majority. The result is an educational machine well adapted to partisan uses. If public opinion can succeed in keeping the hands of party leaders off this machine, the efficiency of school administration ought to be greatly increased by this measure. But that is a large "if." The outcome is another illustration of the fact that timid and despairing leaders in a good cause cannot get the popular support that positive and constructive leaders in a cause less worthy of support can get.

⁂

The Tuskegee Conference

It would not be easy to name an annual assembly which exerts a more wide-reaching or beneficent influence than the Negro Conference which recently held its thirteenth meeting at Tuskegee, Alabama. A thousand attended from within a radius of forty miles, and a list of visitors from abroad shows some twenty States represented, Southern, Northern, and Western. The object of these Conferences, originally organized for neighborhood improvement, is to spread and emphasize the Tuskegee idea, that the legal emancipation conferred on the negro must be made real and complete by his own efforts to emancipate himself from degrading conditions, economic, moral, and intellectual. The proceedings of the Conference always consist largely in reports of progress in these efforts, which give it the character of an experience meeting. Humor and pathos blended in the accounts given by men and women of the independence, prosperity, and comfort won by self-denial in following out Dr. Washington's cardinal precepts—to become owners of the land they live on, to raise their own food, to keep out of debt, to lay up money, to change their one-room cabins for decent dwellings, to educate their children, to drive out immorality. "The behavior of the whites to us depends on our own character," is a Tuskegee maxim. One man said that he had lived on bread and water for a year while struggling up, but now pays $115 in taxes, and has two boys in Selma University. Another, who owned nothing in 1897, now owns 350 acres and a five-roomed house. The general tenor of report was highly encouraging. In a number of instances the three-months school term has been lengthened by negro subscriptions to half a year and more. Dr. Washington, who always presides at the Conference, urged, in addition to his familiar maxims, the importance of making good roads and paying taxes ungrudgingly. "Whether you vote or not," said he, "pay your poll tax, for that goes to the education of your children." The resolutions adopted by the Conference, "composed of representatives of our people in nearly all walks of life from practically all the Southern States," reaffirm the economic principles indispensable to any betterment of conditions; urge the improvement of education, and the maintenance of a high standard of morality and Christian character; declare that morality advances with education; call on white people to do what they can to promote the harmony of the races, to encourage high conduct and character among negroes, and to extirpate lynching by due process of law. The Conference idea is spreading. During the past year over a hundred local conferences have been organized in Alabama and contiguous States.

❀

Sir Leslie Stephen In thoroughness of knowledge, clearness of vision, definiteness of statement, Sir Leslie Stephen, who died at his home in London last week, was the foremost English critic of recent years. In point of literary insight and sensitiveness to form Professor Dowden and Mr. Stopford Brooke were distinctly his superiors; in knowledge of certain periods of English literature and intimacy with certain charming English writers of the second class, Mr. Edmund Gosse takes higher rank. Sir Leslie's was a typical English mind in its sanity, its clear understanding, its courage, and its thoroughness; to these must be added the gift of a very lucid style and a delightful sense of humor. Educated at Eton, at King's College, London, at Trinity Hall, Cambridge; for several years a fellow and later an assistant tutor of his college, he entered upon literary work in London in 1864; became seven years later editor of the "Cornhill Magazine," founded by Thackeray; married Thackeray's youngest daughter; became editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography" in 1882, and bore the responsibility of that really great publication for nine years, during which time twenty-six volumes were issued. In 1891 he withdrew from the editorship of the Dictionary, and was succeeded by Mr. Sidney Lee. From 1871 his activity as a writer was without intermission, and his interests led him far afield. His "History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century," "The English Utilitarians," the "Life of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen," and the "Life of Henry Fawcett" are studies in intellectual history and in biography of permanent value. He is best known and most thoroughly enjoyed by lovers of literature, however, through his "Hours in a Library," a series of essays notable for thorough information and for breadth of interpretation, for a rare combination of the equipment of the expert and the broad, tolerant spirit of the man of the world. No critical writing of our time in English is better worth reading or more easily read than that contained in the three volumes of "Hours in a Library." To this body of superior criticism must be added many of the articles contributed to the "Dictionary of National Biography," and the "Life of George Eliot," which appeared a year ago. Sir Leslie was President of the Ethical Society, and was deeply interested in the ultimate problems of life, which he always approached with high seriousness of temper; although agnostic in his attitude toward Christianity, he was always reverential toward the religious nature, and free from the rawness and hardness which often go with the critical temper. Sir Leslie was a man of the highest character, with a broad outlook upon life, a commanding conscience, and a rare faculty of making interesting every subject he touched. He has done no more charming work than the series of autobiographical chapters which have been appearing during the past few months in the "Atlantic Monthly," and which it is greatly to be hoped he left in a completed condition.

❀

Americans and the War

If newspaper reports are to be trusted, the Russians are undoubtedly a good deal disappointed by the general sympathy with Japan in this country and are characterizing this feeling as another expression of national ingratitude. This is a mistake. There is not the slightest animosity to Russia among Americans; there is, on the other hand, a distinctly kindly feeling. A good deal has been made of the traditional friendship of Russia for the United States, more, perhaps, than the facts justify; for Russia was not friendly to us during the Revolution. It would have been an anomaly if she had been, so utterly opposed are Russian conceptions of government to those which the colonists struggled to enforce. There seems to be no doubt that Russia was unfriendly to us during the Spanish War; for that war in a dramatic way made Europe aware of the inherent antagonism between popular institutions and the antiquated system which obtains in Spain and to which countries like Austria and Russia are also committed. During the Civil War Russia was friendly to us, when friends were few and sympathy was precious; for Americans who believed in the Union keenly felt their isolation in a struggle which Europe so little comprehended at the beginning. Americans have not forgotten and will not forget the sympathy of Russia at that critical time, nor have they lost the admiration which they had for the Czar who emancipated the serfs. But new times have come and new conditions with them, and these conditions must determine the attitude of Americans in such a struggle as that now going on in the Far East.

While Americans have had and will continue to have the friendliest feeling for Russia, with growing appreciation of the genius of the Slav and its probable service in the future to humanity, with sympathetic understanding of the desire of Russia for outlets to the sea which shall open up her growing territory more effectively to the trade of the world, Americans have not been and cannot be sympathetic with Russian methods as illustrated in Poland and Finland and in the relations of Russia to China. They cannot be content with the kind of diplomacy which Russia has practiced in regard to Manchuria; they cannot be blind to the fact that while Russia has promised again and again to evacuate Manchuria, every step she has taken has seemed to indicate a determination to hold the country permanently. The city of Harbin, which is likely to be the base of Russian action in Manchuria, has been built within a few years and has no Chinese characteristics. It is a substantial, even handsome, Russian city, built for permanence in the heart of territory which Russia has promised to leave. Nor can Americans be unmindful of the fact that they have great and growing interests in the Far East, and that the inclination, if not the definite policy, of Russia is to close the countries which she influences or controls against foreign trade instead of opening it, and the American interest in the Far East is to keep everywhere the open door.

Americans believe also that the war now being waged between Japan and Russia is inevitable from the Japanese point of view; that it involves much more for Japan than the possible Russian control of Manchuria and of Korea; that it involves ultimately the independence of the Island Empire which has pushed itself to the front with such astonishing rapidity during the last twenty years, and for the energy, intelligence, and courage of whose people Americans have the profoundest respect. The possession of Korea by Russia would mean in the end the control of Japan by Russia. Any great Power that should command Korea would be in a position to inflict terrible blows upon Japan and ultimately to master the islands. Sagacious Japanese see this possibility. Every year that the conflict, inevitable in view of the traditions of Russian diplomacy and the steady advance of Russia for decades past, is deferred, Russia would gain in resources. It was not only politic but imperative that Japan should bring on that struggle as soon as possible. She has brought it on with characteristic promptness at a time when she can meet her great foe on something like a basis of equality for effective action. In the judgment of The Outlook, the Japanese did not provoke the war; it was imposed on them by the steady advance of the Russians to the borders of the Yellow Sea, an advance in which every intelligent Japanese has read the fate of his own country. In this fact alone is complete justification, if the right of a country to live its own life and preserve its own independence has any reality.

Americans believe that the East ought to be developed along the lines of its own activities, under the leadership of its own genius, and that its civilization ought to be modified, not by force from without, but by Western influence, so far as it is to be modified. As a matter of history, the West never yet has impressed itself on the East by force. The Greeks, who were distinctly European but who had imagination and could therefore have understood the Oriental temperament, might have permanently established themselves in the Far East and have worked through insight into Oriental thought, if Alexander had lived; for Alexander was a soldier of genius, who had the power of insight as well as the power of organization. The Roman never really touched the East, except in the most casual and superficial way. He utterly failed to understand the East, through that defect of imagination which in the end was largely his own undoing. The barbarians who conquered Rome, and laid the foundation of so many modern States, stamped themselves on Africa, but made no impression on Asia. In modern times a great and thinly settled section of that country has fallen, through lack of organization and military education, under Russian control, and England has governed India; so that, as one looks at the map, half Asia seems to be under European direction. As a matter of fact, the English rulers are as much outside Indian life and thought as they were when they first took up responsibility on the peninsula. They have been admirable governors, efficient, incorruptible, tolerant, and industrious to a degree, and India has been at peace. She has had more liberty than she ever dreamed of under native government. Not only her religious privileges but her superstitions and idolatries have been sedulously respected. The only universal peace she has ever known she has had under English rule. All these things are not only indisputable, but they are frankly recognized by all intelligent East Indians. And yet English influence has touched only the outskirts of Indian life; and if to-morrow the miracle of English power, a little army of less than 70,000 men controlling a vast peninsula of 250,000,000 people, were to be withdrawn, India would relapse at once into its ancient ways. The Russians know more of Oriental character than the English, and have far greater power of assimilation. Far less scrupulous than the English, they bring themselves closer to the feeling of the races that they rule; nevertheless, Russia, where she holds her place, holds it simply by military force; she has not really penetrated the lives of the people.

Asia has not been unaffected by Western influence, any more than Europe and America have been unaffected by Eastern influence; but where Eastern life has been touched, it has been by influence and not by power; and it is along the lines of influence and not along the lines of power that the East can be best aided. The West never yet has succeeded in really conquering the East, and there is no reason to believe that it ever will succeed. It would be a disaster if it should succeed. A world without varieties of civilization, differences of dress, diversities of ideals, would be a monotonous world, and civilization would be impoverished by the obliteration of the East by the West or the obliteration of the West by the East. That the East must awake from its long sleep is inevitable; that it is awakening is evident. That it needs Western help and must adopt many Western ideas is also apparent; but the East must be allowed, for its own sake and in the interests of civilization, to develop in its own way and along its own lines. Phillips Brooks, with characteristic insight and statesmanship, struck the keynote of missionary work in the East when he said, in a great address in New York City, that Western Christianity must give Christ to the East, but must not attempt to impose on the East its own dogmas. The East must formulate Christianity according to its own genius.

All this Americans profoundly believe, and their sympathies are with Japan, because in this great struggle Japan is the protagonist of Asia, as the only country in the East which has shown executive genius of a high order, power of organization, and that growing sense of personality in which the East has been so defective, and the lack of which has involved the rest of civilization for centuries. Japan is peculiarly qualified to lead and organize the Orient, not against the West, but into a freer and more open life. Eastern exclusiveness is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. It must be utterly broken down; the whole world must be opened to influences of all sorts; but when that has been accomplished, influences must be left to do their work; they must not be enforced by arms.

Letters to a Minister

The Authority of the Preacher—II.

We ministers in our conferences occasionally discuss the question, Why do not more people go to church? I wish we would change the question and ask ourselves, Why does any individual ever go to church? What do people come for? This church-going is an extraordinary phenomenon. In this money-making age there are not hours enough in the day, not days enough in the week, not weeks enough in the year, to make money. Yet somehow every week we stop the larger proportion of our industries. Most of the wheels of our factories stop, many of the trains on our great railroads stop, most of our stores are closed, most of the farmers leave the plow and the hoe, and men and women come flocking into church. For what? To hear lectures? How long could any man lecture on Shakespeare or Plato or Bacon or Kant, and gather together even the moderate congregations that come into our churches? And yet year after year they come to our churches; a recent careful census shows that nearly or quite one-half the adult population of New York City, which includes within its multitudes the commercial canaille of America, are to be found in church every Sunday. Why? They come because they want God. Often they do not know what they want. They are like a child who cries out for his mother in his dreams, and does not know that his mother is the one he is crying for.

It is for the preacher to meet that want; to bring God to the consciousness of men, so that they may see him and know him; and, their heart springing up in answer to the presentation of the preacher, they will say, Now we know what we want, we have found him; and we are glad.

Charles Dickens was not exactly a writer of Sunday-school literature; he was not a theologian; he was not pietistic; he was a dramatist; he saw clearly and described effectively the common experiences of common men. In "Bleak House" in which Allan stands by the form of poor Joe, a heathen who had been living in the heart of London (and there is no pagan land more pagan than some parts of our great cities), and the breath is departing from the body of the poor boy who has never known anything of religion or of God or of Christ, Allan says:

> "Joe, my poor fellow!"
> "I hear you, sir, in the dark; but I am a-groping, . . . a-groping; let me catch your hand."
> "Joe, can you say what I say?"
> "I will say anything as you say, sir, for I know it is good."
> "Our Father."
> "Our Father."
> "Yes, that is very good, sir."

If the minister can say "Our Father" so that the men and women in his congregation will say also "Our Father," that is enough. Nothing less suffices. Such a minister does not need to go to bishops or archbishops for authority, or to quote texts for authority; the authority is in the heart of the man that is before him.

The Roman Catholic priest hears the story of the penitent in the confessional and sends her away with the absolution, "Thy sins be forgiven thee, my child." And she goes in peace because she believes he has the power to pronounce her forgiveness. Without confessional, or priestly ordination, or apostolic succession, without even so much ecclesiastical authority as a congregational local council affords, Mr. Moody says to those who are penitent, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." And he also speaks with authority, because he is able to awaken responses in the hearts of men. And they go away believing in forgiveness because the sense of sin and the sense of pardon and peace have been awakened in their souls. The authority lies within.

This explains the authority of the Church. Its authority is not derived from a magical touch given nineteen centuries ago; it is derived from the indwelling of God to-day in the hearts of this body of men, whose spiritual consciousness attests the great truths of religious experience. It is the authority of the concurrent testimony of many witnesses to the laws of righteousness, the presence of God, the forgiveness of sins, the great truths of the Christian faith.

This explains, too, the authority of the Bible. The Bible speaks with authority because it has the power to awaken a deep Amen in our own souls. As Coleridge says, it "finds us." When we read the Twenty-third Psalm, we are able to see that God has been our Shepherd; when we read the One Hundred and Third Psalm, we are able to respond, He has forgiven our iniquities and healed our diseases. When the minister goes before his congregation and says to them, This is right and this is wrong; God is love and God is not hate; sin will bring penalty, and repentance will bring forgiveness—he is buoyed up not only by the experience of the Church in the past and in the present, but by the experience of this Book and all that it has stood for, and all the record that it has written and all the work that it has done. The Church confirms his authority, and the Bible confirms his authority; but his authority is derived neither from the Bible nor from the Church; it is derived from the innermost experience of his own soul and the souls that are before him.

It is not derived from reason. The logical preacher is not always the powerful preacher; the powerful preacher is certainly not always a logical preacher. Reason confirms the spiritual consciousness, but cannot take its place.

Paul has given in very terse form his philosophy of the relation of the spiritual life to the logical faculty: "Quench not the spirit; despise not prophesying; prove all things; hold fast that which is good." That is the whole Pauline philosophy put into four sentences. You have a spiritual nature in you; do not quench it. There are other men who have a more spiritual nature than you have. Do not despise these poets and prophets of the world. But do not take unquestioningly their prophecies. Test them, bring reason to bear upon them. Test by the reason the revelation of the vision. How shall I test it? Professor James says that is true philosophy which works well. Paul said it a great many years before Professor James did: "Hold fast that which is good." If it works well, keep it. If the vision of the Sermon on the Mount makes happy lives and happy homes, hold fast to it. If the vision of a God redeeming the world helps to make men better, hold fast to it. The visions which will stand the test of life are the visions to which we are to hold fast.

If you want an external authority to sustain you in your ministry, you belong in the Catholic Church: the Roman Catholic, or the Greek Catholic, or the so-called Anglican Catholic—that is, the Catholic or High Church wing of the Episcopal Church. The Church is a better external authority than a book, because it is able to adjust its teachings to the varying needs of changing time. If you must have an external authority to sustain you in your ministry, you belong in some form of the Catholic Church—the Roman Church, or the Greek Church, or the Anglican section of the Catholic Church. If you depend for your authority on your own spiritual experience, and on your power to evoke spiritual experience in the men and women before you, then you belong in some form of the Protestant Church, in which, of course, I include the Protestant wing of the Episcopal Church. The fundamental difference is this: Is our authority without, or is it within? Have we to go to a vicegerent and representative of God, or have we to go to God himself, sitting at our side, walking in our path, manifesting himself in our own experience?

And, if you cannot preach with authority, you would better not preach at all. There are altogether too many ministers in the Christian Church who are feeding us with their doubts and their difficulties and their questions and their hypotheses. We have too many Sunday lecturers on theology and criticism, and not enough preachers of religion. You will make a great mistake if you think you can do your work, the work the world needs, the work the congregations need, without authority. You are to give life; and life is power. You must impart power; if you cannot, you do not belong in the ministry. The laymen before you have to stem tremendous difficulties—worldliness, greed, appetite, lust, social pleasure, innumerable forces swirling about every man and every woman that is before you. Unless you have in yourself, or in the Church, or in the Book, an authority which you can set up against these vital forces, to compete with them and counteract them, you might as well retire from the pulpit and take some other vocation. The ministers who have done useful work in the world have all spoken with spiritual authority. Some of them have been radical and some of them conservative, some of them have been new school and some of them have been old school, some of them have been orthodox and some of them have been liberal, some of them have been Roman Catholic and some of them have been Protestant; but whether it has been Savonarola or Bossuet or Massillon or Luther or Wesley or Spurgeon or Beecher or Moody or Brooks, they have been men who have had the power to evoke spiritual visions and spiritual motives in other men, and this has been the secret of their authority.

L. A.

❀

A Lenten Thought

The Blurred Vision

Men no longer think or speak of themselves as worms of the dust; a nobler conception of God has brought with it a truer idea of men. The children of God are not and cannot be the creatures of physical conditions; because they share the nature, they have part also in the immortality, of the Father. In the larger freedom, the fuller assurance of the right to live as those who are not born to die, there has come a real peril—the peril of losing the sense of the reality and hideousness of sin. The world is far more thoroughly policed than it was in the days of the fathers; but no newspaper ever goes to press without the record of some deed of violence, some crime against the order of society, some outbreak of those elemental passions which are as strong in the men of to-day as in their savage ancestors. Men have gone a long way in their spiritual development, but the road back to the stage of the beast is always open, and the tragedy of reversion to a lower type is written in the annals of every neighborhood, however quiet, and those families are few in whose history the fall of a human spirit back into anarchy has not been told.

The world is a far more orderly, humane, and comfortable place to live in than it was two hundred years ago, but every man still faces the great peril which all his fathers have faced; no social organization, however complete, no body of laws, however skillfully devised, no system of education, however thorough, can protect him against himself.

The conflict between the higher and the lower nature which gave dramatic interest and moral dignity to the life of the first man who knew that he was a man is still waged by every man who remains a man and does not fall below the level of the beasts. Daring and fascinating speculators have dissolved what men call sin into mere imperfection; the influence of heredity and environment, of physical condition and surroundings, have thrown light on the mystery which has tormented thought from the beginning; but the reality of sin, the inevitable penalty which waits on it, the misery and ruin which follow it, stand out in bold relief as they stood out when Moses gave the law in the wilderness. Sin is as hideous to-day as it was in the days when the Cities of the Plain were synonymous for all foulness; it is a terrible, indisputable, unescapable fact in the experience of the twentieth century after as it was in that of the third century before Christ. We may change its name, but we have not changed and we cannot change the vileness of the reality which has darkened the life of every home and thrown its shadow on every generation.

The crucified Christ is the refutation of every easy-going theory that tries to eliminate the frightful sag downward in human nature. It was the blindness born of sin which rejected Christ; it was the brutal hatred bred of sin which wove the crown of thorns and drove the nails and thrust the spear; the tragedy on Calvary was the vain attempt of the spirit of darkness, which has always striven with the spirit of light in the soul of man, to extinguish the one perfect spirit that has risen like a star over the horizon of time.

The beginning of all true spiritual and intellectual growth is to recognize facts and give them their full weight, however offensive they may be. Nothing is ever gained by shutting the eyes to actual conditions. The first step toward any real understanding of ourselves or of others is the recognition of the fact that every man that lives bears the trace of the broken law; upon the most blameless as well as upon the most hardened the shadow of wrong-doing rests. For the sins of men have wrought havoc with the physical and mental health of the race, and no living man is free from the effects of moral disease. The deepest tragedies of sin are not recorded; they have come not to the offenders but to the innocent; they have taken the form, not of great dramatic penalties, but of darkened spiritual vision, of blunted spiritual perceptions, of lowered spiritual vitality, of a blindness all the more pathetic because those who are smitten by it do not know that their sight is impaired.

One of the saddest results of violated law and misused privilege and wasted opportunity is the dimness of the spiritual sight of the race. To the purest and best there are painful mysteries in life which seem to have their root in the structure of things; but many of the most distressing perplexities of life have their root, not in life as God fashioned it, but in life as men have misshaped and distorted it. Sin has so disordered the body and the mind of the race that those who see clearly in any generation are few in number; and even for these, the ultimate truths and the great realities are dimmed and blurred by the sins of others.

Men and women of pure heart and life are often sorely perplexed by the apparently insoluble problems which confront them; but how much clearer is their vision and how much serener their faith than the vision and faith of those who see out of harmony with the will of God? Much of the dense mist which envelops humanity in this mysterious life rises from the morasses into which men have wandered because they have deserted the highway of righteous living. If all men would live in truth, purity, and unselfish doing of duty for two generations, half the tormenting problems would disappear, half the distressing questions would be answered, and through the clearer air the stars would shine with a diviner splendor. We are holding God responsible for the accumulated results of our own misdoing when we cry out for the light which we do not see because we have destroyed our power of sight. Only the pure in heart see God; all others see distorted images created by their own defective vision. The beginning of wisdom is not in the mind but in the heart; and they who would know God and see with clear eyes the world he has made must first set their wills in harmony with his will.

❀

The Spectator

As New York has scored the musical success of the season in "Parsifal," so Boston has scored the artistic one in the Whistler Memorial Exhibition. The Spectator was fortunate enough to be in the Hub on the evening of the private view, and, though he felt himself to be only one of the ignorant public whom Whistler scorned in life, yet he enjoyed his visit to Copley Hall thoroughly. For one thing, there was so much to see besides the pictures. Society, and the artists, and the critics, were all there in force. Critics and connoisseurs, indeed, had gathered from far, Chicago and New York, Philadelphia and Detroit and Montreal, being represented in the throng. To say that Copley Hall was packed is to put it mildly. The Spectator can compare it to nothing but the rush hour on Brooklyn Bridge, except that there were no cars running through the crowd. "Velasquez," as one bright Bostonian expressed it, "could not have been dragged in. There wasn't room enough."

❀

It was pleasing to see a prophet thus honored in his own country. Whistler was born in Massachusetts, and had Yankee shrewdness and wit as well as the artistic temperament. There was something distinctly American, too, in his first-hand attitude toward art—his starting out to paint as if nobody else had ever painted before, and as if the art had begun with him. The Spectator, as before confessed, is but an outside Philistine, but as he looked around the walls, the sense of invention, of endless experiment, as a characteristic of the painter, grew upon him. Nothing seemed a finished goal, satisfactory to the artist. Each picture was an experiment in elusive lights and forms and colors. The result was that nothing was commonplace, no matter what the subject. The Spectator might have liked more beautiful subjects. He might even have liked an occasional "story" picture. But the picture that told a story, the "anecdote" picture, was what Whistler abhorred, and never painted, and scorned the public for desiring, tossing his white plume in high disdain. Even the portraits in this exhibition, in deference to their maker's views, were catalogued as "arrangements" in black, gold, and brown, white, pink, and gray, and so on, the names of the individuals arranged being in some cases added in parenthesis below the more important title, or omitted altogether as being of no earthly consequence. Whistler insisted on calling his own mother's portrait "an arrangement in black and white," so no outside patron could consistently complain.

❀

It could not, of course, be expected that this greatest of Whistler's pictures should be included in the Boston exhibition. It remains in the Luxembourg, and the next greatest, the Carlyle, at Glasgow, and America has had to be content without them. The climax of Whistler's art as a portrait-painter was thus absent, much to the Spectator's regret. But he found much to wonder at and admire in the celebrated "arrangement" of the Count Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac, which was, it is said, brushed in at the first sitting, and finished in "sixteen agonized sittings" during which the painter stood off, brush in hand, collecting his forces for each stroke, made fifty strokes at each sitting, and never corrected or painted out a single stroke. The "arrangement" looks rather agonized, but that was only to be expected, for to the subject of such a tense and artistic experiment the advice of the photographer to "look pleasant" would be manifestly out of place. Certainly the famous "line" of Whistler, and his dictum that "painting is drawing," are marvelously shown in this example of his work.

❀

The comments of the crowd were interesting. For the most part, it is to be confessed, they were looking at one another; for as the private view was but for a night, and the exhibition was to be open for a month, people naturally preferred to view the viewers. "Why are you looking at the *pictures?*" was one woman's surprised remark to another. Another average man, led up by his cultured womenkind to see the "White Girl," said, questioningly, "Is he dead? That's what I want to know." "Dead? Why, of course. This is a memorial exhibition," said his wife, reprovingly. "What makes you ask such a question?" "Oh, that's all right if he's dead. I was wondering whether we'd have a fresh lot next year to come and see." Quite a group were looking up at the Nocturne in black and gold—the falling rocket at Cremorne, of which Ruskin said that he "never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face," and which was consequently the center of that famous libel suit of Whistler vs. Ruskin, which ended in a verdict of one farthing for the plaintiff. "It's a furnace, isn't it?" said one Boston maiden without a catalogue; "a night scene, with a glow from the open door." Those around, with catalogues, smiled superior; but, after all, if all had been on the same helpless and catalogueless level, her guess would have been as good, probably, as anybody's—certainly as the Spectator's. A Nocturne in black and gold Whistler meant it to be, and the matter of the subject is, after all, wholly impertinent. "If it were called a view of Cremorne," the painter testified, airily, at the trial, "it would certainly bring about disappointment on the part of the beholders," and the Spectator agrees with this high authority.

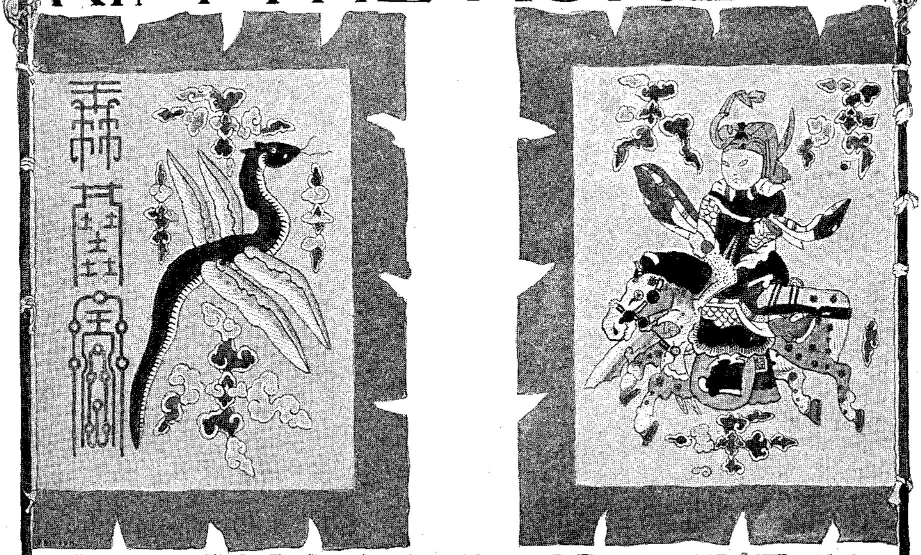
❀

It was interesting to see, however, the evident relief that the average person found in the etchings. Whistler was a painter for painters; his pictures are not meant for the public's admiration. But his etchings can be understanded of the people, from the first manner to the last. The Spectator did not feel that he wanted to sell everything he possessed in order to take even the "Little White Girl," "The Fur Jacket," or the "Rose of Lyme Regis" home with him and keep it always before his eyes. But there were some Venetian etchings that he would like to live with, though what the critics said of their technical merits was Greek to him. The same endless experimenting showed in their various stages; but they were also complete in themselves, to the ignorant eye. The airy little butterfly in the corner, Whistler's chosen signature, seemed to have poised, for once, upon the perfect flower.

❀

The Spectator came away, for one, with a new idea of the painter. This memorial exhibition shows Whistler for what he was, not what his eccentricities obscured. Only a simple, sincere, patient genius could have produced this collection of rich and varied work. The affectations and mannerisms preserved by a hundred anecdotes fall away here. The man who said that "to take nature as she is, is like telling a player to sit on the piano," nevertheless studied nature, in her rarest and most subtle moods, with unflagging patience and love. The man who turned on his critics with the comparison of "The shock of Balaam's surprise when the first great critic proffered an opinion," was one with the critics in his love and reverence for the true heights of art. The Spectator, as one of the average public, rejoices that the great painter can be enjoyed even by the man who knows little of art, but who recognizes at its full value such an exhibition as this; and he is grateful to Boston and to the Copley Society for making it possible.

KIM THE KOREAN



By WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS
AUTHOR OF "KOREA, THE HERMIT NATION" "THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE" ETC.

THAT eels "get used to" being skinned is the fishwoman's firm belief. Under the knife of Mistress China or Master Japan, little Korea has again and again had its independence stripped off. The only difference in the impending excoriation of 1904 is that a new skinner appears with his tool already sharpened for the work. This time it is the "Russke." Overrun by armies and picked clean many times in history, Korea may soon have another invasion of the Mikado's and possibly of the Czar's soldiers, with a big battle or two to fertilize, as at Pingyang, in 1894, the needy soil.

But the people—do they care? Will Kim, the average Korean, weep or mourn? Has he any patriotism? And what kind of a semi-civilization have these white-coated peninsulars? What manner of man is their King? Further, and here is the real question, What sort of loafers and bloodsuckers are the nobles, or *Yang-ban* (civil and military)? These prey on the public treasury, and are, for the most part, without an idea of patriotism, except as that word means intrigue, clan fights, and the spoils of office. There is a reason for Korea's frightful poverty, which persists, despite her gold-filled rocks, her fertile soil, and her superb forests, in which the Russian ax now resounds.

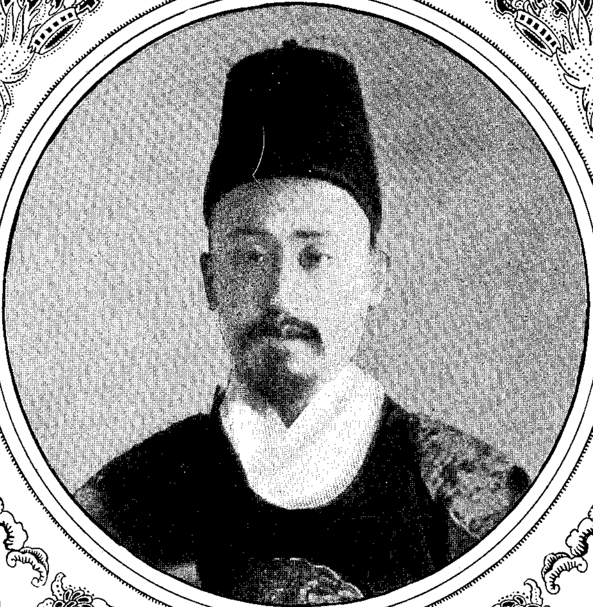
As my naval friend, Lieutenant Foulke, who traveled in the unbeaten tracks almost from one end of the kingdom to the other, told me, "The impression given *by writers* is of a civilization much higher than really exists." Certainly! For both the man and the civilization of the nation, hermit so long, are degenerate. Ninety-nine out of every hundred natives of the Land of Morning Calm live under thatch, wear padded cotton cloth that once was white, dine and sup chiefly on millet and turnip, with occasional dog and beef, and pay squeezing taxes which leave only a faint margin for joyous existence. In the north, "the Koreans hunt the tigers six months in the year, and the tigers hunt the Koreans the other six," while in the south the condition of things is that of more or less chronic rebellion against the burdensome taxes and the pocket-filling propensities of the mandarins. There is no incentive for industry, no motive for getting rich, in this hermit land. The tax collector is ever hungry and omnivorous, the nobleman is jealous and able to make inquisition, superstition is rampant, the sorcerer rules the land and the palace, and beast-worship and degraded paganism dominate all.

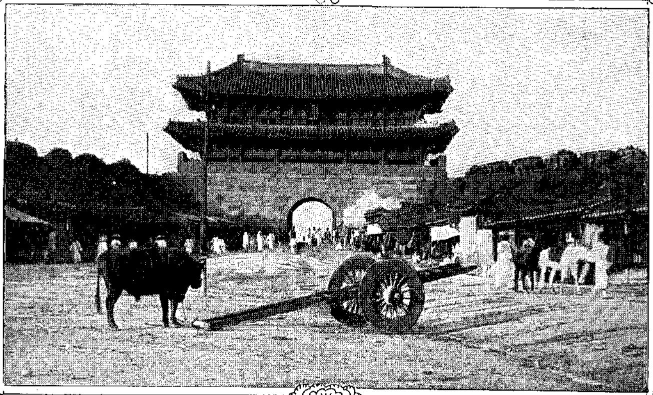
Yet the Korean is as proud as the usual typical Confucian, who looks down with contempt on us as upstarts of yesterday, is sure to be. If a scholar, as he often is, he glories in his Chinese logic and learning, despising the "Western civilization-nonsense." Is not Korean culture older even than Chinese? If they of Nanking or Shantung were taught by Confucius, "we," say the Koreans, "have more whereof to glory, for our civilizer was Kishi, ancestor of China's sage by several generations and half a millennium. Furthermore, did not Korea give to her pupil Japan all her first teachers, art, missionaries, and civilization?"

Yes, as learned from books, Korea had a proud civilization, "older than China's," while herself the beginner of Japan's. In a sense, she looks down on both her conquerors. Furthermore, Korea men invented not only printing by means of movable types centuries before the Europeans, Gutenberg or Coster, and a true alphabet, that is acknowledged to be one of the most perfect in the world. Yea, though politically *nil* and in morals very low indeed, this "shrimp between two whales" actually pities its alternate swallowers. Yet the foreign student knows what only the critical tourist can discover—that Korea's case is one of degeneracy as to both civilization and stamina. Finer-looking than the Chinese, taller than the Japanese, these men in white coats starched to a luster that excels our shirt fronts, and in big hats and with long pipes, are jolly and good-natured fellows for the most part. Yet they lack moral fiber, having neither the grit of the canny islanders nor the patient industry of the persistent continentals. Let the Japanese of to-day thank their stars for the thousand years' drill of the feudal system as "a stage of progress."

Drawn on the thumb-nail, this is our sketch of the nation's story. Roughly, the peninsula, twice the size of Pennsylvania, but reminding one, as to its shape, of Florida, consists of a mighty chain of mountains, of which the side toward the Sea of Japan is a precipice, as that towards China is a long, fertile slope. There are to-day probably ten million Koreans. After the race migrations and struggles of ages, three States, in the north, northeast, and south, arose, of which Shinra (Silla) became pre-eminent. To her ports from the fifth to the twelfth century came holy men from India, Arabs for trade, Chinese ships sailing by the magnetic compass, and Japanese as pupils and envoys, while Korean youths went to China for study and her ministers had audience at Nanking. From the fourth to the fourteenth century is the golden age of Korean splendor. Since A.D. 1392, when the present dynasty—Confucian to the core and bloodily persecuting—was founded, there has been an age of decline. All Korea's mighty monuments and heaps of ruins are of this earlier era.

What gave the peninsula, from the Ever White Mountains to Quelpart Island, its temples, pagodas, schools, art, literature, and blessings unnumbered for the common people? There is but one answer. Under that one word "Buddhism" may be told the long story of the Hinduization, or the Aryanization, of the mind of all eastern Asia. In Korea the missionary bearing Sakya's gentle creed came to be a true civilizer, teacher, nurse of art, opener of paths to dwell in, maker of communications, and educator of the low and humbler of the proud. In the glow of first faith, the mountain side was chiseled, and those colossal human figures, single or in pairs, called *mir-yek*, were cut. They stand to-day, after a thousand years of individuality and five hundred of neglect, often forgotten amid forests and on deserted sites where cities or monasteries once were. On the site of Seoul, when no city was there, rose the superb marble





YI HEUI, THE EMPEROR OF KOREA
THE GATE OF SEOUL

pagoda, tier on tier, its façades and stories illustrating Buddha's life. Until the awful Japanese invasion of 1592–97, which literally scooped the land of its art, art works, artists, and skilled artisans, it had three more stories. Once the land of art, as all Japanese history shows, Korea stands to-day, as to wealth and art, only the specter of her past. Japan, art-besotted, spared little that could enrich her. China, ever ready to extort silver, "fined" regularly this Issachar of nations.

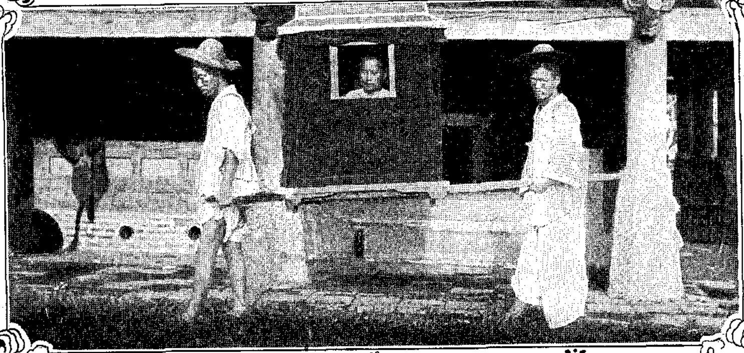
In a word, it was religion's old story. The first freshness of faith and vigor over, difficulties surmounted, and now in royal favor, Buddhism enters upon the era of power and luxury, and is active in palace intrigue. The monk wears armor and dictates policies. Briefly, religion, when most impressive in outward form, clogged inwardly with all the diseases of worldliness, is dying with heart disease.

Then came the inevitable struggle with Confucianism, as an ethical system, as a creed, and as a political force. Worsted in the conflict, Buddhism was disestablished, her priests were forbidden to enter walled cities or to build therein any new temple, while Confucianism was declared the official religion, its temples maintained at public expense, the Chinese classics made the basis of education. In place of the priest and monk, nun and abbess, the Yang-ban—that is, the office-expecting class, who with their hangers-on number myriads—take their seats permanently at the public crib. The only business of Kim, the common man, is to pay his taxes, hold his tongue, and in every time of danger to submit to blackmail for "protection."

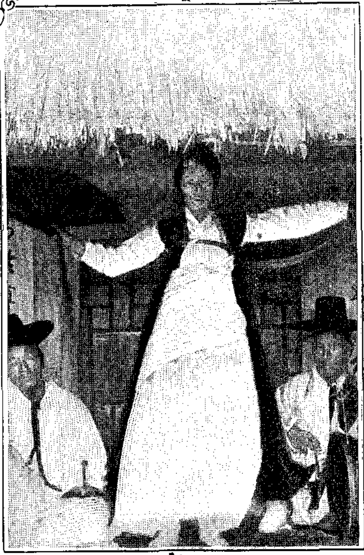
This is Korea's incubus to-day, worse almost than the open maw of Russia or the Murata rifle of Japan—that great body of lazy gentry who are consumers, even as the moth or grub. Never did Japan make any real advance as a nation until she commuted the pensions of the samurai, and, cutting off their supplies at the crib, bade the gentry of all grades earn their own living; and grandly, for themselves and the nation, have they done it.

After the Japanese (1592–97), driven away by the Ming Chinese allies, came the Manchiu Tartars (1637), so that within fifty years Korea was thrice skinned and eaten up by a hungry host of aliens. Nevertheless, the Tartars, while enforcing on the Chinese the badge of conquest, the wearing of the pigtail queue, let the Korean wear his hair in ancient style. To the Chinaman, the Korean shows by his scalp that he is "behind the age." When, by the Japanese treaty-makers in 1876, and the Americans in 1882, the "Hermit Nation" was pulled into the world's market-place, she must needs have soon, in 1894, another mysterious visitation of the armies of China and Japan. After her cities were desolated, the "Chinese Gate" of vassalage to Peking gave way to the "Independence Arch" of 1895. Again is her sovereignty threatened.

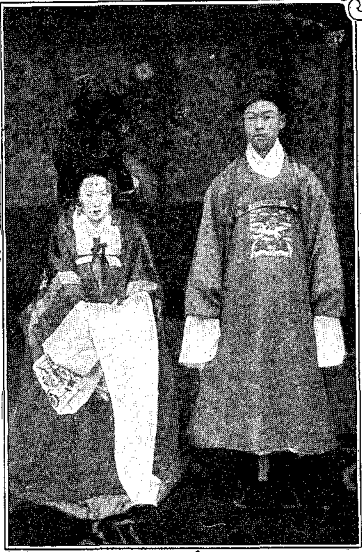
Nevertheless, Kim the Korean smokes his yard-long pipe, squats in his baggy cotton clothes—the whole nation looking as if just out of bed, or as if other nations had been up and awake long before them in the world's race. Still Kim leads his bull and pony in this wheelless land, digs up the soil with his three or five-man-powered shovel, and lives at the dead level of uncomplaining poverty. Still his wife, whose dress waist is at her armpits, plays the rat-tat of mangle-rod on the starched coat of son and father, and carries her baby on her back, recking nothing, after marriage, of exposing the symbols of maternity. A cipher in public, she in old age rules the family, especially her Ruths and Orpahs, with a rod of iron. Pipestems make splendid spanking instruments, and in this method of correction, both by government and individual, in jail or family, adults or youths are one. Kim lives in a three-roomed house, one-storied and thatched, if of the people, but in one having two stories and roof tiles and a "scenery-viewing chamber" if he be a Yang-ban. Usually the cottage is vine-covered in the country. The first basis, or rather raised foundation, is of earth and stone. The kitchen is at one end, the smoke-hole at the other. The cooking fire, by means of stone or brick flues laid under the floor, warms the house from end to end. If the floor is old and cracked, letting out smoke and



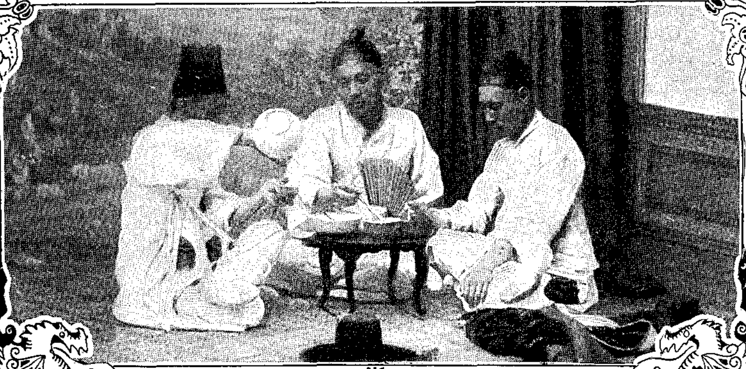
WOMAN IN “TWO-MAN” PALANQUIN



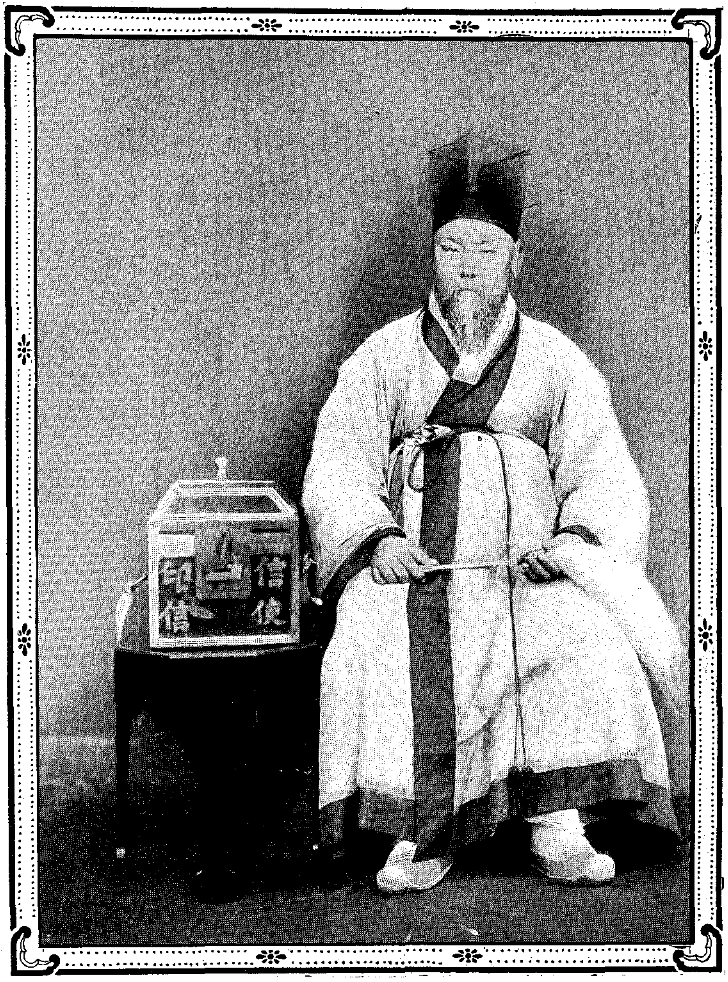
A SORCERESS



BRIDE AND GROOM



A KOREAN GENTLEMAN AT DINNER



A KOREAN OFFICER OF THE OLD SCHOOL

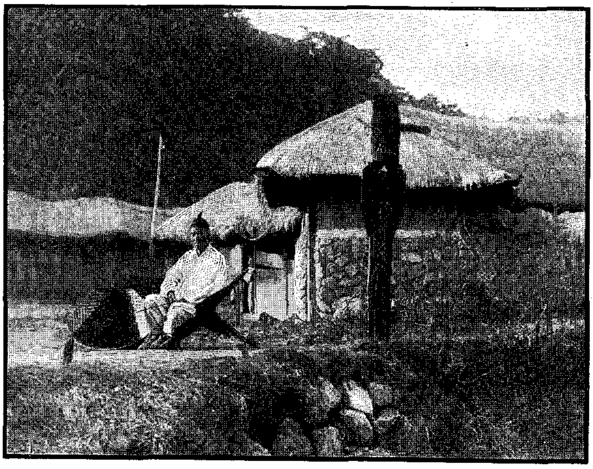
One of the Commission that negotiated the treaty with Japan.

odors, what odds? Does a burglar wish to enter? He loosens a stone on the outside and climbs up and through the flues.

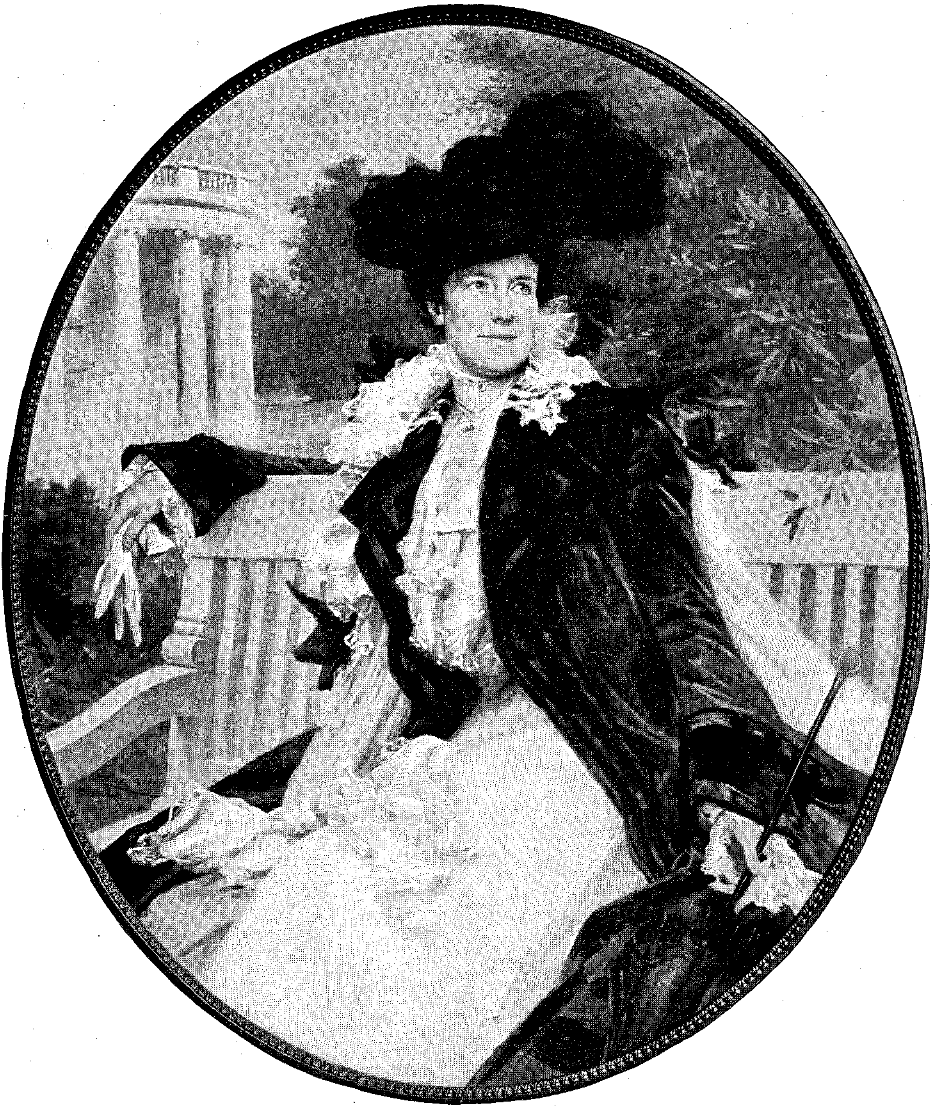
Kim coils his hair up in a chignon resembling a roll of American navy plug, and coops it up inside a horsehair net. As to his head-gear, there is a "language of hats" in Korea, and the twenty or more styles have each a voice and meaning. If in mourning, sixteen square feet of matting, making an extinguisher or pyramid two feet deep, and held to his noddle by a ring or band, are necessary to express his grief and to satisfy the proprieties. In the house, with the children, the little dog and the bull calf grow up together—explaining why the Korean pony is the most vicious beast, ever malignly industrious with hoof and tooth, withal cherishing perpetual grudges against man and horse, while the bull, of vast proportions, and usually seen moving under a small forest of brushwood, is gentler than the lamb of which Kim hears from the missionaries—for this grassless land, with its scrub bamboo undergrowth, allows no tender-stomached sheep to live within its borders. Kim dines from a little table, a foot high, out of three bowls. His rice-beer or spirit is, to our taste, even smokier than the Japanese variety. In this land of contrast, with tigers that live in climates below zero and men that wear bedquilts in winter, Kim's children dress themselves in cuticle in summer and cotton in winter, but he loves them dearly. Still worshiping the dipterous serpent and the winged tiger that holds fire in its claws, besides other specimens of mythical zoölogy that influence his actions, he is less afraid of the real tiger than of old, for he has learned from the foreigners the virtues of prussic acid and dynamite. Not a few pelts of striped monarchs in recent years have come to the market unperforated by bullets, though sometimes with parts about the head and throat missing. In the cities foreign matches, cloth, mirrors, chairs, table-covers, rugs, and luxuries of all sorts have widened the horizon of not only father and mother, but even of the "flower of the family."

What of the king on whom our silly newspapers have foisted an American wife or harem lady? Weak? Timid? Well, consider his pitiable history. When by desinence the dynasty of 1392 came to an end in 1864, the boy of fourteen was dragged out from among his playmates and made the heir apparent. During his minority, his father, Tai-Wen-Kun, ruled the realm with a "heart of stone" and "bowels of iron," slaughtered all the French missionaries and thousands of Christians, and had a slab erected in the chief street of Seoul commanding all Christians to be killed. Once on the throne, between the plots of the court factions who use gunpowder, dynamite, and poison freely, the murder and cremation of his wife, Queen Min, by Japanese assassins, the seizure of his person by ruffian cabinets, reformers, and adventurers, the passing of months of terror in the palace, lonely though amid a mob he could not trust, and fed only by American missionaries, he had an Inferno of experiences. He escaped in disguise in a woman's palanquin to the Russian Legation; but for this year's board and shelter he dearly paid with a promise to Russia to allow timber-cutting in the Yalu River valley, he meaning a hide's area, they all the strips to be possibly cut from it, that may measure even a third of his kingdom. Now, pressed on every side by diplomatists, and having chiefly fortune-tellers to rely on for advice, who would be king of the Land of Morning Calm? All his "civilization" enterprises, mint, railways, telegraphs, mortgaged, and the mortgages promptly foreclosed, and the accounts in the Japanese banks permanently overdrawn! What a picture! His son and heir, educated in America, *incognito*, has had frequent experiences of pickpockets and burglars.

There is nothing the matter with Korea but the diseases in her own vitals. Let the lazy nobles work; let labor and industry have some incentive under good government, and all will be well. Above all, let the Korean know something of the one God, Father of all, and of the Saviour of mankind.



"DEVIL POST"
Erected to scare off evil spirits.



MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

From the portrait by Theobald Chartran.

Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by F. B. Johnston.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE CITIZEN[1]

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "The Making of an American," "How the Other Half Lives," etc.

Chapter XII.—At Home and at Play

THE Sylph had weighed anchor and was standing out for the open, sped on her way by a small gale that blew out of a bank of black cloud in the southeast. The sailors looked often and hard over the rail at the gathering gloom, the white-caps in the Sound, and the scuddying drift overhead, prophesying trouble. A West Indian cyclone that had destroyed the crops in Jamaica and strewn our coast with wrecks had been lost for two days. It looked very much as if the Sylph, carrying the President from Oyster Bay to New York, had found it. And, indeed, before we reached the forts that guard the approach to the city, a furious hurricane churned the waters of the Sound and of the clouds into a maddening whirl in which it seemed as if so small a ship could never live. A tug went down within hail; but only the sailors knew it. The passengers had been cleared from the deck, that the Sylph might be stripped of its awnings and every rag of canvas which might help throw it over if the worst happened. We went gladly enough, for the deck had ceased to be a comfortable or even a safe place—all except the President, who had fallen out of the general conversation and into a corner by himself, with a book. A sailor confronted him with an open knife in his hand.

"Mr. President," he said, "orders are to cut away;" and without any more ado he slashed at the awning overhead, cutting its fastenings. The President woke up and retreated. Following him down into the cabin, I came upon Mrs. Roosevelt placidly winding yarn from the hands of the only other woman passenger. They were both as calm as though Government tugs were not chasing up the river as hard as they could go to the rescue of our boat, supposed to be in peril of shipwreck.

But at the moment I am thinking of, the hurricane was as yet only a smart blow. We were steaming out past Center Island, under the rugged shore where Sagamore Hill lay hid among the foliage. The President stood at the rail surveying the scenes he loves. Here he had played as a boy, and dreamed a boy's dreams; here he had grown to manhood; here his children were growing up around him, happy and healthy boys and girls. We passed a sandy bluff sloping sheer into the Sound from under its crown of trees.

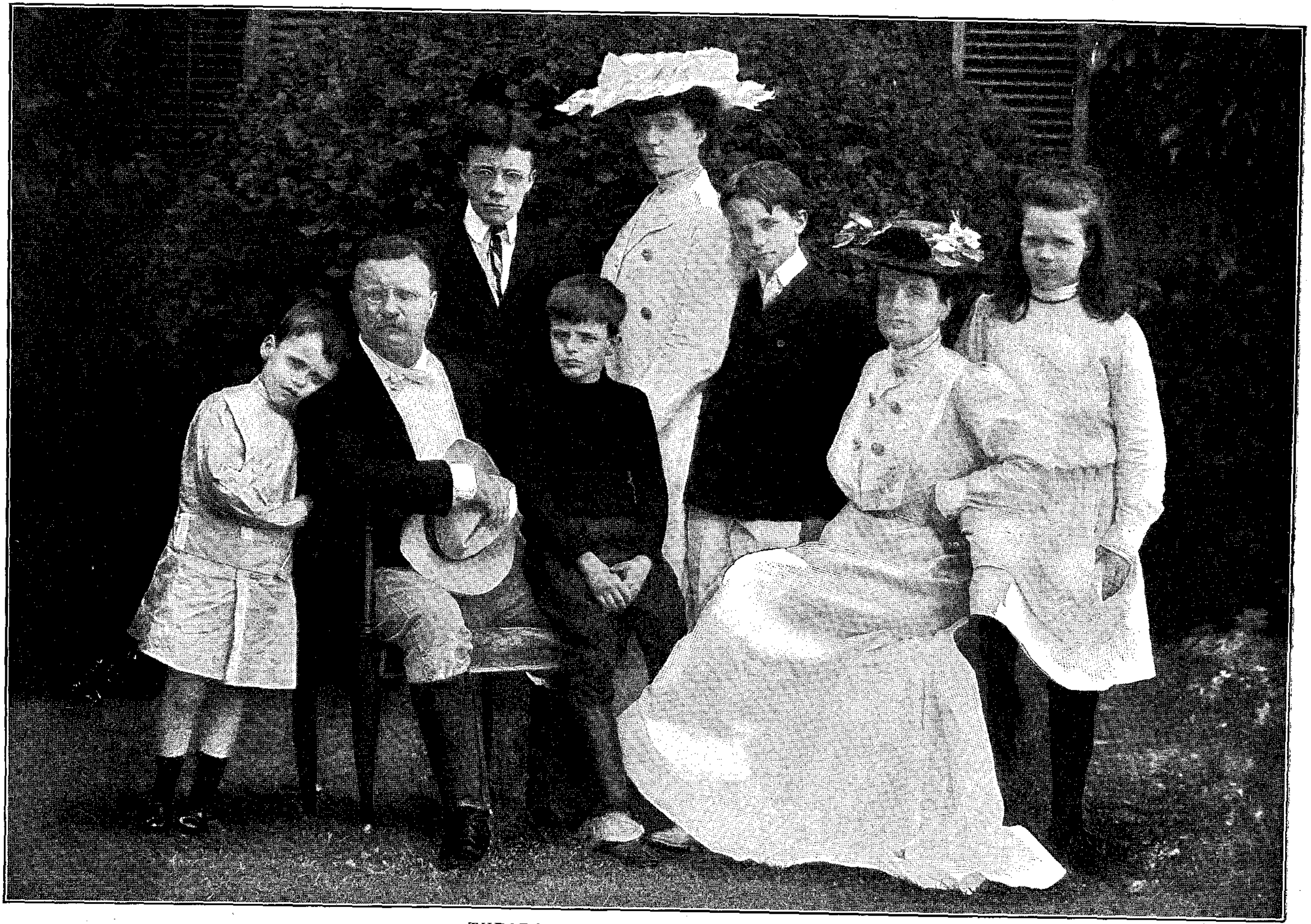
"See," he said, pointing to it. "Cooper's Bluff! Three generations of Roosevelts have raced down its slope. We did, only yesterday. Good run, that!"

And as the Sylph swept by I made out three lines of track, hugging each other close—a man's long, sturdy stride and the smaller feet of Archie and Kermit racing their father down hill. Halfway down they had slipped and slid, scooping up the sand in great furrows. I could almost hear their shouts and laughter ringing yet in the woods.

Sagamore Hill is the family sanctuary, whither they come back in June with one long sigh of relief that their holiday is in sight, in which they may have one another. No longer to themselves, it is true. The President is not permitted to be alone even in his own home. But still they have days of seclusion, and nights—that greatest night in the year, when the President goes camping with the boys. How much it all meant to

---

[1] Copyright, 1903, by the Outlook Company.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS FAMILY
Photograph copyright, 1903, by Pach Brothers.

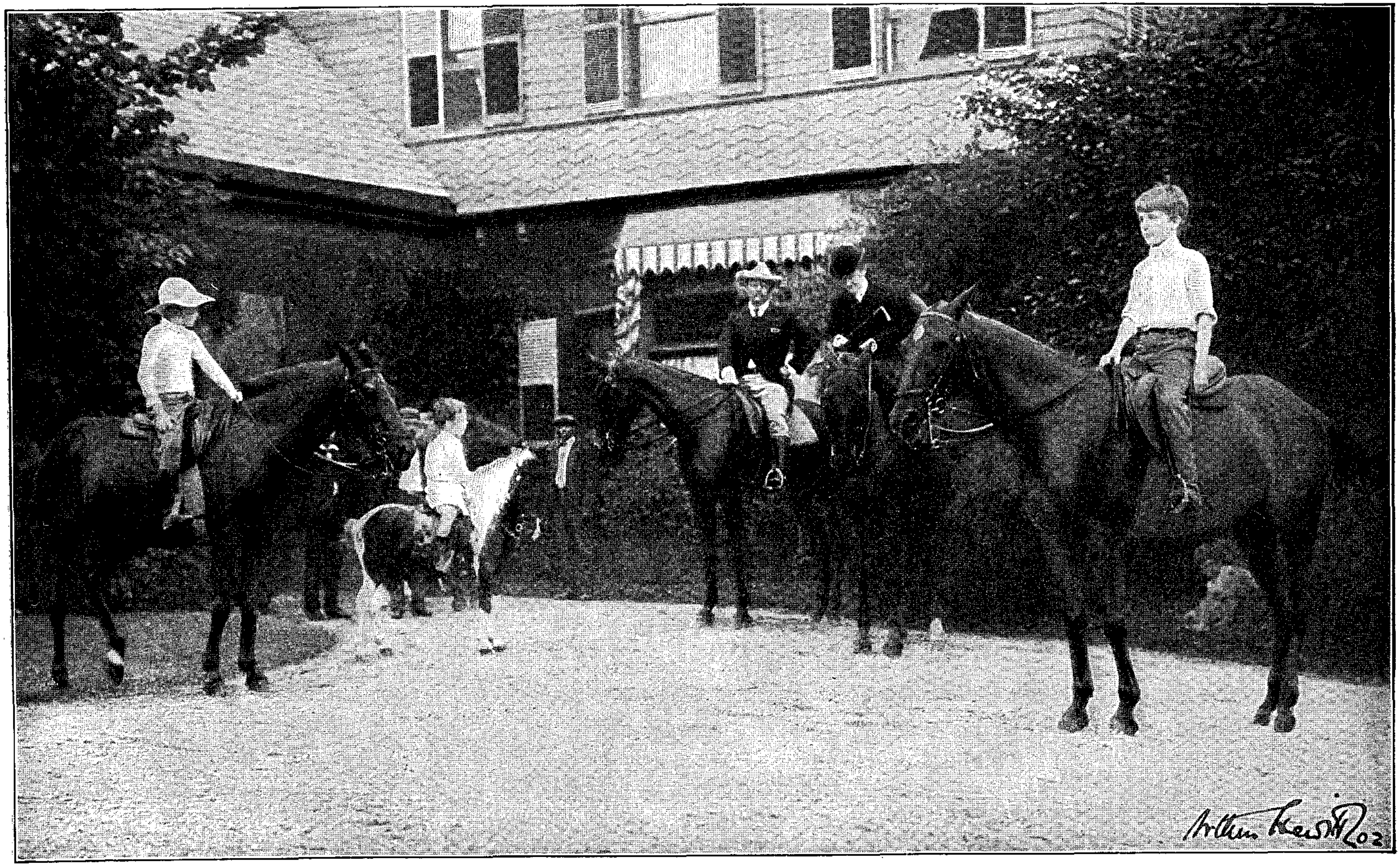
him I never fully realized till last Election Day, when I went with him home to vote. The sun shone so bright and warm, when he came out from among his old neighbors, who crowded around to shake hands, that a longing came over him for the old place, and we drove out to Sagamore Hill to catch a glimpse of it in its Indian-summer glory. Four dogs came bounding out, with joyous barks, and leaped upon him, and he caressed them and called them by name, each and every one, while they whined with delight—"Sailor-boy," happiest of the lot, a big, clumsy, but loyal fellow, "of several good breeds," said the President, whimsically. They followed him around as he went from tree to tree and from shrub to shrub, visiting with each one, admiring the leaf of this and the bark of that, as if they were personal friends. And so they were; for he planted them all. Seeing him with them, I grasped the real meaning of the family motto, *Qui plantavit curabit*, that stands carved in the beam over the door looking north toward the hill with the cedars, where the soil is warm and full of white pebbles, and it is nice to lie in the grass when strawberries are ripe.

Roses were blooming still, and heliotrope and sweet alyssum, in Mrs. Roosevelt's garden, and down at the foot of the long lawn a wild vine crept caressingly over the stone that marks the resting-place of the children's pets. "Faithful Friends" is hewn in its rough face, with the names of "Susie," "Jessie," and "Boz." How many rabbits, rats, and guinea-pigs keep them company in their ghostly revels I shall not say. No one knows unless it be Kermit, who has his own ways, and insists upon decent but secret burial as among the inalienable rights of defunct pets. It was his discovery, one day in the White House, that a rabbit belonging to Archie lay unburied in the garden a whole day after its demise, which brought about a court martial in the nursery. Ted, the oldest brother, was judge-advocate-general, and his judgment was worthy of a Solomon.

"It was Archie's rabbit," he said, gravely, when all the evidence was in, "and it is Archie's funeral. Let him have it in peace."

Poor "Susie"—ill-named, for "she" was a he—came nearer to provoking irreverence in me, by making me laugh in church, than anything that has happened since I was a boy. I had come out on a Sunday, and, finding the President's carriage at the church, went in to join in the worship while waiting for him. "Susie" lay in the vestibule, and at sight of me manifested his approval by pounding the floor with his club tail until the sound of it reverberated through the building like rolling thunder. The door opened, and a pale young man came out to locate the source of the disturbance. Discovering it in "Susie's" tail, he grabbed him by the hind legs and dragged him around so that the blows might fall on the soft door-mat. But "Susie," pleased with the extra attention paid him, hammered harder than ever, and in his delight stretched himself so far that his tail still struck the hollow floor. I was convulsed with laughter, but never a smile crossed the countenance of the proper young man. He studied "Susie" thoughtfully, made a mental diagram of his case, then took a fresh hold and dragged him around, this time to a safe harbor, where he might wag as he would without breaking the Sabbath peace. I am glad I sat five seats behind Mr. Roosevelt during the rest of the service, and that he knew nothing of "Susie's" doings; for if he had turned his head and given me as much as one look, I should have broken right out laughing and made a scandal.

When we drove back to the village that November day, I caught him looking back once or twice toward the house in its bower of crimson shrubs, and I saw that his heart was there. You would not wonder if you knew it. I never go away from Sagamore Hill without a feeling that if I lived there I would never leave it, and that nothing would tempt me to exchange it for the White House, with all it stands for. But then I am ten years older than Theodore Roosevelt; though it isn't always the years that count. For I think if it came to a vote, the children would carry my



STARTING FOR THE MORNING RIDE, SAGAMORE HILL

Photographed for The Outlook by Arthur Hewitt.

proposition with a shout. Not that Sagamore Hill has anything to suggest a palace. Quite the contrary; it is a very modest home for the President of the United States. On a breezy hilltop overlooking field and forest and Sound, with the Connecticut shore on the northern horizon, its situation is altogether taking. The house is comfortable, filled with reminders of the stirring life its owner has led in camp and on the hunting-trail, and with a broad piazza on the side that catches the cool winds of summer. But it is homelike rather than imposing. It is the people themselves who put the stamp upon it—the life they live there together.

Truly, together. The President is boy with his boys there. He puts off the cares of state and takes a hand in their games; and if they lagged before, they do not lag then. It is he who sets Josiah, the badger, free, and bids all hands skip, and skip lively; for Josiah's one conscious aim, when out of his cage, appears to be to nip a leg—any leg, even a Presidential leg, within reach—and he makes for them all successively in his funny, preoccupied way. Josiah, then a very small baby badger, was heaved on board the Presidential train out in Kansas last year, by a little girl who shouted his name after the train, and was brought up on a nursing-bottle till he cut his teeth. Since then he has been quite able to shift for himself. At present he looks more like a small, flat mattress, with a leg under each corner, than anything else. That is the President's description of him, and it is a very good one. I wish I could have shown you him one morning last summer when, having vainly chased the President and all the children, he laid siege to Archie in his hammock. Archie was barelegged and prudently stayed where he was, but the hammock hung within a few inches of the grass. Josiah promptly made out a strategic advantage there, and went for the lowest point of it with snapping jaws. Archie's efforts to shift continuously his center of gravity while watching his chance to grab the badger by its defenseless back, was one of the funniest performances I ever saw. Josiah lost in the end.

The President himself teaches his boys how to shoot; he swims with them in the cove and goes with them on long horseback rides, starting sometimes before sunrise. On fine days, as often as he can get away, luncheon is packed in the rowboat and he takes the whole family rowing to some distant point on the shore, which even the secret-service men have not discovered, and there they spend the day, the President pulling the oars going and coming. Or else he takes Mrs. Roosevelt alone on a little jaunt, and these two, over whose honeymoon the years have no dominion, have a day to themselves, from which he returns to wrestle with powers and principalities and postmasters with twice the grip he had before; for she is truly his helpmeet and as wise as she is gentle and good.

When he wants to be alone, he dons a flannel shirt, shoulders an ax, and betakes himself to some secluded spot in the woods where there are trees to fell. Then the sounds that echo through the forest glade tell sometimes, unless I greatly mistake, of other things than lifeless logs that are being smitten—postmasters let us say. I remember the story of Lincoln, whom one of the foreign ambassadors found pacing the White House garden in evident distress, at a time when Lee was having his own way with the Union armies; whereat the ambassador expressed his regret that the news from the field so distressed the President.

"From the field?" said Mr. Lincoln. "If that were all! No, it is that wretched postmastership of Brownsville that makes life a burden."

I have met Mr. Roosevelt coming in with his ax, and with a look that told of obstinate knots smashed—yes, I think they were smashed. I fancy tougher things than postmasters would have a hard time resisting the swing of that strong and righteous arm bound on hewing its way; wolves howling in the woods wouldn't stay it, I know—not for a minute.

The great day is when he goes camping with the boys. The Sagamore Hill boys and their cousins whose summer homes are near plan it for months ahead.

A secluded spot alongshore is chosen, with good water and a nice sand beach handy, and the expedition sets out with due secrecy, the White House guardsmen being left behind to checkmate the reporters and the camera fiends. Mr. Roosevelt is sailing-master and chief of the jolly band. Along in the afternoon they reach their hiding-place; then bait and fishing-poles are got ready—for they are real campers-out, not make-believes, and though they have grub on board, fish they must. When they have caught enough, the boys bring wood and build a fire. The President rolls up his sleeves and turns cook.

"Um-m!" says Archie; "you oughter taste my father's beefsteak! He tumbles them all in together—meat, onions, and potatoes—but, um-m! it is good."

I warrant it is, and that they eat their fill! I haven't forgotten the potatoes I roasted by the brook in the wood-lot when I was a boy. No such potatoes grow nowadays.

Afterward, they sit around the fire, wrapped in blankets, and tell bear stories and ghost stories, while the children steal furtive glances at the shadows closing in upon the circle of flickering light. They are not afraid, those children. The word is not in the Sagamore Hill dictionary. The spectacle of little Archie, hatless, guiding a stalwart Rough Rider through the twilight woods, telling him to follow his white head and not be afraid of bogies—they won't hurt him—is a joy to me forever. But when owls are hooting in the dark woods I like to hug the fire myself. It feels twice as good then.

When the stars shine out in the sky overhead, they stretch themselves with their feet to the fire, roll up in their blankets, and sleep the untroubled sleep of the woods. The sun, peeping over the trees, finds them sporting in the cool, salt water; and long before the day begins for the world of visitors they are back home, a happy, roistering crew.

The Roosevelts have found (if they have not always had it; certainly the President's father did) the secret that binds families together with bonds which nothing can break: they are children with their boys and girls. How simple a secret, yet how many of us have lost it! I did not even know I was one of them, or what it was that had come between me and my little lad—the one who figured out, after hours of deep study, when our second grandchild was born, that now he was "two uncles"—until one bright day last summer when I went fishing with him. I wanted to know where he went when he disappeared for whole days at a time; and when I volunteered to dig the bait by a new method that made the worms come up of themselves to locate a kind of earthquake I was causing, he took me by many secret paths to a pond hidden deep in the woods a mile away, which was his preserve. There we sat solemnly angling for shiners an inch long, with bent pins on lines of thread, and were nearly eaten up by mosquitoes. But to him it was lovely, and so it was to me, for it gave me back my boy. That evening, on the way home, his boyish hand stole into mine with a new confidence. We were chums now, and all was well.

When they were little, the Roosevelt boys and girls went to the Cove school, which is the public school of the district, where the children of the gardener and the groom go, as well as those of their employers if they live there in the school season. Now, in Washington, the Roosevelts follow the same plan. The public school first, as far as it will carry the children to advantage; thereafter the further training for college. It is the thoroughly sound and sensible way in which they do all things in the Sagamore Hill family. So only can we get a grip on the real life we all have to live in a democracy of which, when all is said and done, the public school is the main prop. So, and in no other way, can we hold the school to account, and so do we fight from the very start the class spirit that is the arch-enemy of the Republic. If it could be done that way, I would have it ordered by law that every American child, be its parents rich or poor, should go certain years to public school. Only it cannot be done that way, but must be left to the citizens' common sense that in the end has to be counted with everywhere.

All real children are democrats if left

to their natural bent, and the Roosevelt children are real children. At Groton I met Ted, the oldest, with his arm in a sling, a token from the football game and also from a scrap he nad had with another lad who called him "the first boy in the land" and got a good drubbing for it. "I wish," said Ted to me in deep disgust, "that my father would soon be done holding office. I am sick and tired of it."

It was not long after that that Ted fell ill with pneumonia, and his brother Archie sent him his painfully scrawled message of sympathy: "I hop you are beter." His father keeps it, I know, in that sacred place in his heart where lie treasured the memories of letters in childish scrawl that brought home even to the trenches before Santiago, with the shrapnel cracking overhead.

There are other lessons than spelling and grammar to be learned in Washington—lessons of democracy, too, in their way. I have heard of the policeman of the White House Squad who was discharged for cause, and appealed to the little lad who answers roll-call with the police on holidays and salutes the sergeant as gravely as the men in blue and brass. Archie heard *him* out. Appeal to his father direct was cut off—the policeman knew why. But Senator Lodge, who is next friend of the President and is supposed to have a "pull," lives in Massachusetts Avenue, opposite Archie's school. That was it.

"You come around," were Archie's directions to his friend, "to the Force School to-morrow, and we will see what Lodge can do about it."

What "Lodge did" I don't know. I know it would have been hard for me to resist.

It was the privilege of Mr. Roosevelt, when he was nearer home, to give the children at the Cove school their Christmas gifts, and the memory of those occasions is very lively in Oyster Bay. Mr. Roosevelt made a good Santa Claus, never better than when he was just home from the war, with San Juan hill for a background. That time he nearly took the boys' breath away. Nowadays some one else has to take his place; the gifts come, as in the past, and the little "coves" are made happy. But the President comes into their lives only twice or three times a year—at Christmas and when he comes home for his vacation; perhaps on the Fourth of July. Mrs. Roosevelt is part of it all the time, and a very lovely because a loving part of life in the little village. When I hear of her going about among its people, their friend and neighbor in the true sense, I think of her husband's father, the elder Theodore, who systematically took one day out of six for personal visitation among his poor friends; and how near they, both he and she, have come to the mark which the rest of us go all around and miss with such prodigious toil and trouble. Neighborliness—that covers the ground. It is all that is needed.

They have a sewing-circle in Oyster Bay, the St. Hilda chapter of the Society of Christ Church, which the Roosevelts attend; and of its twenty-odd members, including the wives of the harness-maker, the conductor, the oysterman—the townspeople whom she has known all her married life—there is no more faithful attendant at the Thursday afternoon meetings than Mrs. Roosevelt. She brings her own thimble and cotton, and hems and sews with the rest of them the little garments of outing-flannel or unbleached muslin that are worn by the child cripples in the House of St. Giles, Brooklyn, the while she gossips with them and tells all about the fine doings in Washington. I saw not long ago in a newspaper that some thoughtless woman who had demanded of Mrs. Roosevelt a gift for a church fair, and had received a handkerchief hemmed by herself, had sent it back with the message that something better was wanted. I hope this which I am writing here will come under her eye, and make her sorry for what she did. At that very time the President's wife, with six children whose bringing-up she supervises herself, and with all the social burdens of the mistress of the White House upon her shoulders, was patiently cutting and sewing a half-dozen nightgowns for the little tortured limbs of her crippled friends, and doing it all herself for love's sake. She had brought them with her from Oyster Bay, and finished them in the White House, where, I suppose, the church-fair woman thought she was being amused to keep from perishing of ennui.

They recall in that sewing-circle the days of the war, when Mrs. Roosevelt, walking down from the hill every Thursday to their meeting, and never betraying by word or look the care that gnawed at her heart, grew thin and pale as the days went by, with news of fighting and her husband in the thick of it; till on the day of San Juan hill the rector's wife caught her impetuously into her embrace before them all, and told her that Colonel Roosevelt was a hero, without doubt, " but you are three."

And they tell, while they wipe a tear away with the apron corner, of the consumptive girl lying in her bed longing for the bright world which she would never see, to whom the then Vice-President's wife brought back from the inauguration ball her dance-card and her bouquet, and all the little trinkets she could gather for her in Washington, to make her heart glad. No wonder they think her a saint. There are those in Washington, in need and in sorrow, I am told, who would think so too, did they know the whence of the helping hand that comes just in time. It was so in Albany, I know. No one ever appealed to the Governor's wife without having his case intelligently and sympathetically inquired into, so that she might know exactly how to help. Mrs. Roosevelt does not believe in wasting anything, least of all sweet charity. With her husband she wisely maintains that the poorest service one can render his neighbor is to carry him when he ought to walk.

As for the St. Hilda circle, its measure was full last summer when Mrs. Roosevelt took it out in a body on the Sylph to the naval review in the Sound, and the great ships gave them the Presidential salute—or the Sylph, anyway, which was the same thing. Were they not on board, its honored guests?

The same simple way of living that has always been theirs at home, they carried with them to the White House. I do not know how other Presidents lived, for I was never there before, but I imagine no one ever led a more plain and wholesome life than the Roosevelts do. I cannot think that there was ever a family there that had so good a time. The children are still the mother's chief care. They have their hour that is for them only, when she reads to them or tells them stories in her room, and at all other hours they are privileged to intrude except when, on Tuesday, their mother entertains the Cabinet ladies in the library. She is never too busy to listen to their little stories of childish pleasure and trouble, and they bring to her everything, from the first dandelion Quentin found in the White Lot to the latest prank of Algonquin, the calico pony that was smuggled up in the elevator to Archie when he was sick with the measles. Algonquin is about the size of a big Newfoundland dog, but twice as lively with his heels. That was a prank of the stable-boy, aided and abetted, I imagine, by the doorkeeper, who had been a boy himself, and to whom the swiftly flashing legs of Archie in the corridors of the old building are like spring come again. They all love him; no one can help it.

But I must not be tempted to write about the children, since then there would be no end, and this is a story of their father.

I might even be led to betray the secret of the morning battles with pillows when the children, in stealthy, nightrobed array, ambush their father and compel him to ignominious surrender if they catch him " down." That is the rule of the game. I remember the morning when they came swarming down about him, rejoicing in their victory, and his sober counsel to them to go slow thenceforth, for Rose, their maid, whom they brought with them from Oyster Bay, and whom wild horses couldn't drag away from the Roosevelts, had protested that they mussed the beds too much. I have read of President Jackson making an isolated ward of the White House, and himself nursing a faithful attendant who was stricken with the smallpox, when his fellow-servants had run away; and of Lincoln laughingly accepting General Grant's refusal of the dinner

Mrs. Lincoln had planned in his honor, because he had "had enough of the show business." The Colonel of the Rough Riders bowing obediently before the law of the household, and retreating before Rose where she was rightfully in command, belongs with them in my gallery of heroes; and not a bit less hero does he seem to me, but more.

The White House in its new shape—or, rather, as restored to the plan that was in the minds of the builders—is in its simple dignity as beautiful a mansion as any land has to show, altogether a fitting residence for the President of the American Republic. The change is apparent to the casual visitor as soon as he enters the great hall, where the noble white pillars have been set free, as it were, from their hideously incongruous environment of stained glass and partition, and stand out in all their massive beauty. Really, the hall is as handsome a place as I have ever seen. Upstairs, where the public does not come, a wide corridor, I should think quite twenty feet, that is in itself a cozy living-room, with its prevailing colors dark green and gray, runs the whole length of the building from east to west, and upon it open the family rooms and the guest rooms. The great hall makes a splendid ball-ground, as I know from experience, for I joined Ethel and Archie in a game there, which they would have won by about 99 to 0, I should say, if there had been any score, which there wasn't. At the east end of the hall is the President's den, where the lamp burns late into the small hours many a night when the world sleeps without. There he keeps the swords and the sticks with which he takes vigorous exercise when he cannot ride. The woodman's ax he leaves behind at Oyster Bay.

The day begins at exactly 8:30 at the White House. The President himself pours the coffee at breakfast. It is one of his privileges, and he looks fine as host. I can almost hear my woman reader say, "What do they eat at a White House breakfast?" Oatmeal, eggs and bacon, coffee and rolls—there is one morning's menu. I don't think they would object to my telling, and I like to think that in thousands of homes all over our land they are sharing the President's breakfast, as it were. It brings us all so much nearer together, and that is where we belong. That was why I told of the children's play. And if there is any who thinks that his sporting with the little ones when it is the hour of play makes him any less fitted for the work he has to do for all of us—why, he never made a bigger mistake. Ask the politicians and the place-seekers who come to see him in the early hours of the afternoon, and hear what they think of it.

From breakfast to luncheon the President is in his office, seeing the people who come from everywhere to shake hands, or with messages for the Chief Magistrate.

Along in the afternoon the horses are brought up and the President goes riding with Mrs. Roosevelt or alone. Once I heard him tempt Secretary Root to go, and the Secretary agreed if he would guarantee that Wyoming, the horse he offered him, would not kneel. He was averse to foreign customs, he said.

"Yes," laughed the President, "you are a good American citizen, and home ways are good enough for you."

I have a ride on Wyoming coming to me, and I am glad. I was cheated out of it the last time, because Washington had so tired me out that the President would not take me. And Wyoming can kneel if he wants to. I think I would let him jump a fence with me where his master led. I guess I know how his Rough Riders felt.

That was the only time Washington tired me out. I had come to help tackle its slums, for it has them, more's the pity. Ordinarily it is one of my holiday cities; I have three, Washington, Boston, and Springfield, Massachusetts. As to Boston and Springfield, I suppose it is just because I like them. But Washington is a holiday city to me because he is there. When he was in Albany that was one. To Washington I take my wife when we want to be young again, and we go and sit in the theater and weep over the miseries of the lovers, and rejoice with them when it all comes right in the end. There should be a law to make all lovers happy in the end, and to slay all the villains, at least in the national capital. And then, nowadays, we go to the White House, and that is the best of all. I shall never forget the Christmas before last, when I told the President and Mrs. Roosevelt at breakfast of my old mother who was sick in Denmark and longing for her boy, and my hostess's gentle voice as she said, "Theodore, let us cable over our love to her." And they did. Before that winter day was at an end (and the twilight shadows were stealing over the old town by the bleak North Sea even while we breakfasted in Washington) the telegraph messenger, in a state of bewilderment—I dare say he has not got over it yet—brought mother this despatch:

THE WHITE HOUSE, Dec. 20, 1902.
Mrs. Riis, Ribe, Denmark:
Your son is breakfasting with us. We send you our loving sympathy.
THEODORE AND EDITH ROOSEVELT.

Where is there a mother who would not get up out of a sick-bed when she received a message like that, even though at first she would not believe it was true? And where is the son who would not cherish the deed and the doer forever in his heart of hearts? But it is the doing of that sort of thing that is their dear delight, those two; and that is why I am writing about them here, for I would like every one to know them just as they are. Here is a friend 'way out in Kansas, whose letter came this minute, writing, "The President who walks through your pages is a very heroic and kingly figure, a very Arthur among his knights at the round table." Truly the President is that. I think we can all begin to make it out, except those who are misled and those in whose natures there is nothing to which the kingly in true manhood appeals. But could I show you him as he really is, as husband, father, and friend, you would have to love him even if you disagreed with him about everything. You just couldn't help it, any more than could one of the old-time employees in the White House who stopped beside me as I stood looking at him coming across from the Executive Office the other day.

"There he is," said he, and his face lighted up. "I don't know what there is about that man to make me feel so. I have seen a good many Presidents come and go in this old house, and I liked them all. They were all good and kind; but I declare I feel as if I could go twice as far and twice as quick when he asks me to, and do it twice as gladly."

I guess he knows, too, how his Rough Riders felt about their Colonel.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

* * *

March

By Sara Andrew Shafer

On the western sky, in a yellow line,
The wind of his might paints a warning sign.
The March clouds, torn like shipwrecked sails,
Drift at the will of the angry gales.
On crumbling logs the moss grows green;
The freed brook laughs the rocks between.
The melting snow, the sap's full tide,
The polished buds that the young leaves hide,
These, with the flush on the mayflower's cheek,
To dullest heart Spring's message speak.

The New Secretary of War

By George Kennan

WHEN William H. Taft succeeded Elihu Root as Secretary of War, on the first of February, one of his old classmates and intimate personal friends said, speaking of his career, "Secretary Taft is just the same man now that he was in college. He has held high official position since then—has been Superior Court Judge, Federal Judge, Solicitor-General of the United States, and Civil Governor of the Philippines—and now he has become Secretary of War; but the fundamental traits of his character haven't changed a bit—he's the same 'Bill' Taft that I knew in college, grown older, stronger, and more mature."

If the outlines of Secretary Taft's character were clearly drawn while he was yet a student in college, it is to his college days that we must look for the earliest manifestation of the mental, moral, and physical traits that have brought him, at the age of forty-seven, to one of the highest and most responsible positions in the Government of the United States.

The first impression that Taft made upon his associates when he entered the freshman class at Yale, thirty years ago, was an impression of great physical bulk and strength, combined with good humor, buoyancy, and a captivating affability and cordiality of manner. Although then a smooth-faced boy, only seventeen years of age, he weighed 225 pounds, had the physique of a young giant, and soon proved himself to be the best heavy-weight wrestler and the most formidable "rusher" in his class. "At one of our annual fracases in Hamilton Park," says a Yale man of '78, "I saw him grapple an antagonist who weighed at least 220 pounds, lift him bodily into the air, and throw him completely over his head. He did not pretend to be an athlete, did not go in for athletics, in the strict sense of the word, and never particularly distinguished himself in college games; but he was always ready for a class 'rush' or row—it was sometimes the only thing that he would leave his books for—and he was the strongest, most fearless, and most indomitable man in our front line."

Young Taft's claim to the respect of his classmates, however, did not rest solely or even chiefly upon physical prowess and the ability to break an opposing line in a class "rush." He soon distinguished himself as a student, and showed a remarkable capacity for hard, painstaking work. There were very few "elective" studies at Yale in those days—practically none outside of the senior class—and in order to stand well a man had to grind at a good many things that he did not like, as well as do the things that he did like. Young Taft worked patiently and conscientiously along all lines, never slighting or neglecting a branch of study because it happened to be uninteresting or uncongenial to him; and, by dint of steady and tireless application, made his way slowly but surely toward the head of his class. "In diligence and plodding industry," says one of his associates, "he was the typical 'dig;' but he had none of the other characteristics of a 'dig.'" On the contrary, he was social rather than solitary in his habits; his hearty, ringing laugh and personal charm of manner made him universally popular; in his intercourse with his associates he was the most democratic man in his class; and although an indefatigable worker in his room, he took an active part in all the life of the college.

As a writer and speaker, young Taft was clear and forcible, and he always produced an effect by means of his earnestness and sincerity; but his literary work did not impress his contemporaries at Yale as particularly remarkable for either grace of style or perfection of artistic finish. "Some men," says one of his associates, "do their work carefully and delicately with the tool of an engraver; but it always seemed to me that Taft whacked his things out with a broadax. He was selected, however, as class orator, and his oration, as I remember it, was a good, strong, substantial piece of work. But it was by personal character, patient labor, and solid intellectual ability that he won distinction in college, rather than by exceptional brilliancy. He worked hard all through the four years; ranked second in a class of one hundred and twenty at his graduation; and left Yale with the respect and affection of every one who knew him."

After leaving Yale, in 1878, Taft returned to his home in Cincinnati, Ohio; studied law in the Cincinnati Law School; divided the first prize on graduation; and finally entered the law office of his father, Alphonso Taft, who was then senior member of the firm of Taft & Lloyd. While finishing his studies in his father's office, he reported court proceedings for the Cincinnati "Times-Star" and the Cincinnati "Commercial," and soon attracted the attention of Murat Halstead. Impressed by the character and ability of the young reporter, Mr. Halstead offered him a position on the staff of the "Commercial," and tried hard to persuade him to turn to journalism; but all of Taft's tastes and ambitions led him to prefer the law.

In 1880, two years after his graduation from Yale, he was admitted to the bar, and in 1881, at the age of twenty-four, he was appointed assistant prosecuting attorney for Hamilton County. In March, 1882, in order to settle a factional political fight, he consented to take, temporarily, the place of Internal Revenue Collector for the First Ohio District, and occupied that position for a period of ten months. He then resigned to resume the practice of the law. In January, 1885, he became Assistant County Solicitor for Hamilton County, and two years later was appointed, by Governor Foraker, Judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati—the same court in which his father had presided twenty years before. In 1888 he was elected, by a majority of more than 5,000 and for a full term of five years, to the same bench; but resigned in 1890 in order to accept the position of Solicitor-General of the United States, which had been offered him by President Harrison.

In the ten years that immediately followed Mr. Taft's admission to the bar he occupied, successively, four official positions of responsibility and trust, and brought to the discharge of his duties in every one of them the same powers and qualities of mind that had distinguished him in college—illuminating intelligence, unwearied industry, and a thoroughness of investigation that gave him complete mastery of the subjects to which his work related.

When he went to Washington as Solicitor-General, in 1890, he entered upon a field of activity that was wider and more important than any in which he had previously been engaged. As legal adviser of the heads of the various executive departments, he was called upon for opinions with regard to all sorts of questions relating to administrative procedure, and as counsel for the Government he had to argue in the Supreme Court of the United States constitutional questions that were often of great and far-reaching importance. He represented the Government in three of the most important matters that came before the Supreme Court between 1890 and 1893—the Bering Sea case, the case involving the validity of the McKinley Bill, and the case that grew out of the action of Speaker Reed in counting a quorum in the House of Representatives—and he won them all. In the Bering Sea case, where he had as antagonists such lawyers as Joseph H. Choate and Calderon Carlisle, he submitted a brief that made a printed volume of nearly three hundred pages, and that showed not only great clearness of thought and statement, but an immense amount of patient labor and research.

In 1892, while still Solicitor-General, Mr. Taft was offered by President Harrison the position of United States Circuit Judge of the Sixth Circuit, under the act providing for the organization of Circuit Courts of Appeal. As the work of a judge was more congenial to him than that of an advocate, and as this position would put him in the direct line of promotion to the Supreme Court bench, he was disposed to accept the President's offer; but many of his per-

WILLIAM H. TAFT

From a portrait owned by the Yale Club of New York City.

sonal friends advised strongly against it. One of them—a classmate and a successful lawyer—wrote to him, in substance: "I think you will make a great mistake if you return to the bench. You have been Solicitor-General of the United States; you have had some big cases, and you have won them all. With your present reputation and your ability you can go back to private practice and earn $25,000 a year—or $30,000, or $40,000, or almost any sum you want; while if you take this place you'll be practically bottled up on the bench, with a salary of only $6,000, upon which you can hardly support your family. And what does the position amount to, after all? As a judge, you are little more than the referee of a legal prize-fight!"

In reply to this letter Solicitor-General Taft said that judicial work suited his type of mind; that he liked it; and that for the present, at least, he could live in Ohio on a salary of $6,000 a year without privation or discomfort. If his family and his expenses should increase so as to make it necessary for him to earn more, there would be nothing to prevent him from resigning and going back to private practice at any time when such a course should seem to be expedient.

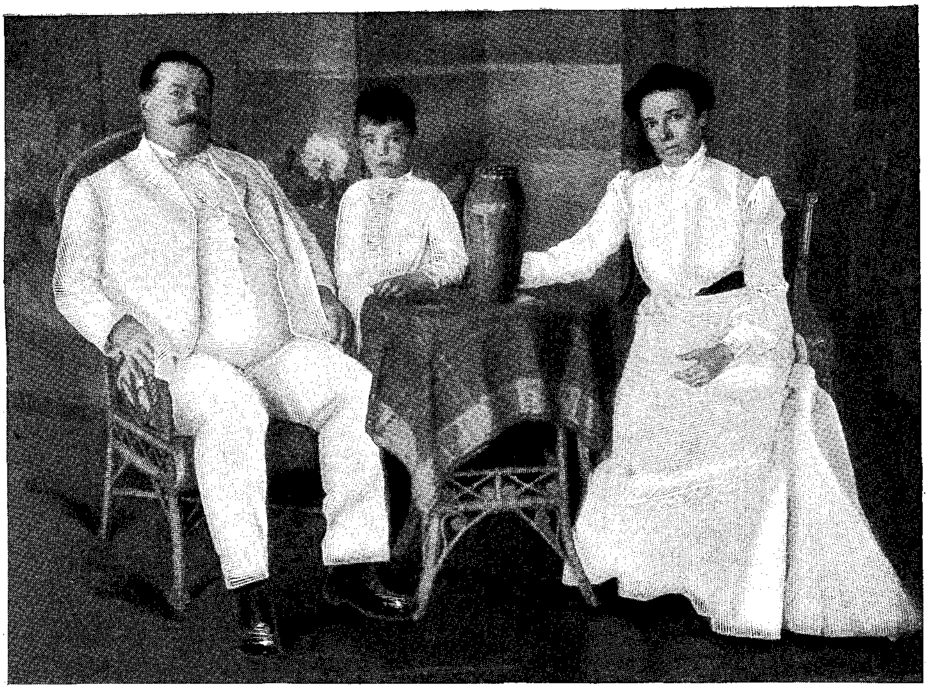
To another friend, who had been associated with him in the work of the Solicitor-General's office, and who also opposed, on pecuniary grounds, his return to the bench, he said, simply, "There are bigger things in this world than money." In March, 1892, he accepted the President's offer and was commissioned United States Circuit Judge for the Sixth Circuit.

In his new field of labor Judge Taft displayed the same characteristics that had won the confidence and respect of his associates on the bench and at the bar, and that had already made him a conspicuous figure in the legal world—viz., solid intellectual ability, thorough knowledge of the law, great fairness, and a personal bearing that combined dignity and firmness with unfailing courtesy.

A well-known lawyer, who argued many cases before Judge Taft while the latter sat on the bench of the Sixth Circuit, said recently, in speaking of his record: "He had a remarkable capacity for the swift and orderly despatch of business—that is, for getting things done without unnecessary delay. He put a stop to the disputatious wrangling of lawyers that had previously occupied so much time; refused to allow dilatory postponements; dismissed promptly cases that had no merit; cleaned up the dockets, and put new life into the whole practice of the United States courts. And in doing this he showed invincible firmness and resolution. He was always courteous and even-tempered; but things had to move and cases had to be argued, unless there was some good reason for delay. In one important Kentucky case I remember—the Harper bank failure, I think it was—when a postponement was asked for and urged, not only by the District Attorney and the Attorney-General of the State, but by ex-President Harrison—the very man who had put him on the bench—Judge Taft simply said, "Gentlemen, this case has been postponed once, there seems to be no good reason for further delay, and it must be tried;" and tried it was.

With all his firmness, however, Judge Taft was never hasty, unreasonable, or inconsiderate in his treatment of the bar, and to young and inexperienced counsel he was particularly friendly and sympathetic. "When I got up to argue my first case in the Circuit Court of Appeals," said a well-known lawyer recently, "and found myself in front of three distinguished judges, with Taft at their head, I simply had an attack of 'buck fever.' I forgot what I was going to say, stammered, floundered, and was on the point of breaking down altogether, when Judge Taft, noticing my embarrassment, began to ask me questions about my case that would bring out the points I wanted to make. That gave me a start, and in five minutes I was all right; but how many judges would have helped a young fellow out in that way?"

During his term of service on the Circuit Court bench Judge Taft displayed another trait of character that had always distinguished him, but that had not been so clearly manifested in the earlier part of his career, and that was, perfect fear-



COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY FREDERICK W. NASH

GOVERNOR TAFT AND HIS FAMILY AT MANILA

lessness in acting on his own best judgment of the facts and the law. He could not be persuaded, nor induced by political influence, to postpone or delay the trial of a case that he thought ought to be tried; he never hesitated to take a case away from a jury, if, in his opinion, the evidence in support of the plaintiff's contention was wholly insufficient; and he was not afraid to do even as unpopular a thing as directing a verdict for a corporation, and against an individual citizen, when considerations of equity made such a course necessary. He looked at every question carefully and dispassionately, decided it as promptly as possible, and acted always upon his own judgment as to the merits of the case, regardless of "pull," politics, or consequences.

In 1893 the promotion of Howell E. Jackson to the Supreme Court bench left Judge Taft the senior judge of the Sixth Circuit; and from that time until 1900 he presided over nearly all the sessions of the appellate court in that jurisdiction.

In February, 1900, President McKinley asked him to go to the Philippines at the head of a Civil Commission, to investigate the state of affairs on the islands, and to lay there, as soon as practicable, the foundations of a civil government. Although this request was a gratifying recognition of Judge Taft's distinguished ability as a jurist and an administrator, the task was not one that he felt at all inclined to undertake. He had been opposed to the war with Spain; he had little sympathy with the so-called "imperialistic policy;" he foresaw the extreme difficulty of establishing a civil government in the Philippines, as well as the gravity and complexity of the problems with which the proposed Commission would have to deal; and he naturally felt reluctant to give up a judicial position that was perfectly suited to his tastes and training, abandon the prospect of promotion to the Supreme Court bench which had been the ambition of his life, and go half-way around the globe to organize a civil government for a turbulent, hostile, semi-barbarous Asiatic people. However, the question presented to him was not a question of inclination, or selfish preference, but a question of patriotic duty. He had already declared that "there are bigger things in this world than money," and the Philippines proposition brought him face to face with the fact that there is a bigger thing in this world than money and ambition combined, and that is, duty.

President Porter, of Yale, once said that "the best thing that college does for a man is to teach him to do his duty, whenever that duty is to be done, no matter whether he likes to do it or not." Judge Taft was true to the teaching and spirit of his Alma Mater, and as soon as he became satisfied that he could render his country better and more valuable service in the Philippines than even on the bench of the Supreme Court, he put aside his personal preferences and his ambition, told the President that he would go, and turned his face resolutely toward a future in the Far East which was full of unsolved problems of a wholly new kind, and which seemed, at that time, to hold not a few possibilities of ultimate disappointment and failure.

With the work of Judge Taft in the Philippines, first as President of the Civil Commission and then as Governor of the islands, the readers of The Outlook are familiar, and it is only necessary to review briefly its salient features and call attention to some of the reasons for its effectiveness and success.

Perhaps the greatest and most important achievement of the Philippine Commission was winning the confidence and enlisting the support and co-operation of the Filipino people. When Judge Taft and his associates landed on the islands, the natives generally were cowed and submissive, but by no means reconciled to American rule. Outwardly they seemed to be acquiescent; but in their hearts they were sullenly hostile to us and to our methods. In the first speech that he made to them at Manila, Judge Taft outlined his insular policy as follows: "We have come prepared to make Manila our home until the task of establishing civil government shall have been well begun. We invite suggestions from all Filipinos, and all others who have a sympathy with our purpose. We are here to do justice to the Philippine people and to secure to them the best government in our power, and such a measure of popular control as will be consistent with the stability and security of law, order, and property."

"Such speeches as this," says Mr. Le Roy, "had been made to the Filipinos before; but they soon began to get acquainted with the man who was directly behind this statement. Suave, diplomatic, confidential, cajoling, stern, and jovial by turns, he made himself in three months the master of almost every native of prominence in Manila. Nearly all were soon in love with him, and even those who were not respected him."

Week by week and month by month, the impression made upon the people by Judge Taft's tact, fairness, sympathy, and justice deepened, until at last he not only satisfied the Filipino leaders that the American Government was aiming primarily at the welfare and happiness of their country, but won for himself the confidence, affection, and respect of the whole native population.

His second great achievement in the Philippines was the successful establishment of a civil government. This work, as Secretary Root has said, "had to be done from the ground up." There was practically nothing to build upon; everything had to be thought out and organized; and the Commission was confronted with difficulties and embarrassments of all sorts, from factional animosities and native inexperience in self-government, to the division and conflict of authority growing out of a mixed civil and military administration.

For the work of government-building, however, Judge Taft was peculiarly fitted, not only by character and training, but by wide and varied experience. Whenever, therefore, a new thing had to be done in the Philippines, Governor Taft knew how to do it. The civil service law that he drew up there, and that was published as Act V. of the Philippine Commission, is regarded by experts as superior, in many respects, to the civil service law of the United States; and by enforcing its provisions in all branches of the insular government he got the best class of public officials that could be obtained, and gave the country, for the first time in its history, a clean, honest, and efficient administration.

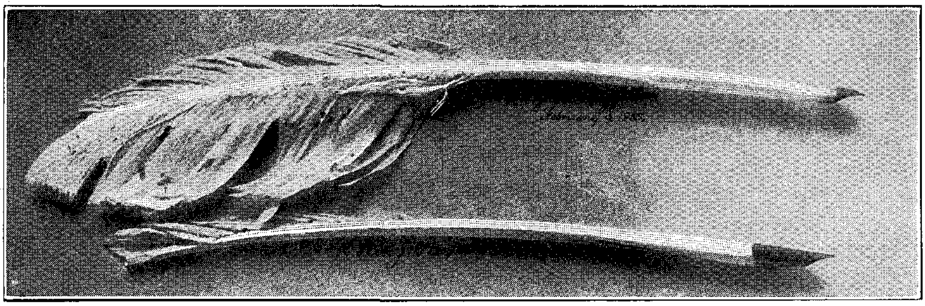
With the aid of his associates and subordinates, native and foreign, he reorganized the courts; established a department of justice; gave security to life and property; increased the number of post-offices from 13 to 250; improved roads and harbors; enforced modern sanitation; opened thousands of schools; began the work of taking a complete and trustworthy census; settled satisfactorily the troublesome and threatening question of the Spanish friars and their lands; improved the finances; and gave such stability to the credit of the country that the insular government had no difficulty in disposing of $7,000,000 worth of its four per cent. bonds upon terms almost as favorable as could have been obtained by the United States. When, therefore, Governor Taft came away from the Philippines, in December, 1903, he could look back upon his three years and a half of service there with the feeling of satisfaction that follows successful achievement. Much remained to be done, but the people had been pacified; the foundations of civil government had been laid; and the country seemed to be entering upon an era of greater tranquillity and prosperity than it had known in all the centuries of Spanish rule.

Ex-Governor Taft has now returned to Washington, in the prime of his manhood and the full maturity of his powers, and has taken the place, in President Roosevelt's Cabinet, that was made vacant by the resignation of Secretary Root. He brings to the work of the War Department a trained intelligence, an enlarged experience, a capacity for patient, painstaking labor that has always been one of his distinguishing characteristics, and a knowledge of the army and its officers that has been gained by personal observation in the field. That he will make an able and efficient Secretary of War there is not the shadow of a doubt, but his influence is likely to be felt far beyond the limits of that Department. President Roosevelt remarked, several years ago, that Judge Taft's "weight in public life has always been something entirely apart from the office he at any time happened to hold," and the explanation of this fact is to be found in the personal character of the man.

Fourteen years ago, when one of Secretary Taft's friends tried to dissuade him from taking a $6,000 position on the Federal bench by pointing out to him that he could earn four or five times as much in private practice, he said, "There are bigger things in this world than money." Twelve years later, when he had an opportunity to realize the hope and ambition of his life by taking a seat on the Supreme Court bench, he declined the proffered appointment, for the reason that it would interfere with the discharge of what he regarded as a higher duty in the Far East. Finally, two years ago, when he returned to the United States in somewhat shaken health, and a classmate and friend tried to persuade him not to risk his life again in the tropics, he said: "I don't think that service in the Philippines is more dangerous to health or life than service anywhere else; but even if I knew that I should die there, I'd go back."

In a speech that he made to his classmates at the vicennial class dinner in New Haven in 1898, just after the breaking out of the Spanish-American War, Judge Taft said, "There are several kinds of patriotism. We heard in Alumni Hall this morning of that quiet, self-denying patriotism which is working for the good of all in securing a better civil government, and which has not the plaudits of the crowd and the deep gratitude of the people before it as a reward for labor and self-sacrifice. In the long run, this kind works more for the good of the country than any other. It needs not the spur of palpable danger or the excitement and fervor of war's alarms to arouse it. It is a constant force making for public righteousness."

It is this kind of patriotism that has been illustrated in Secretary Taft's career, and that has given him his "weight in public life." As a member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet, with enlarged opportunities and a wider scope of influence, he will make his character felt in every branch of the administration, and will continue to be, as he always has been, an inspiration to American manhood and a "constant force making for public righteousness."

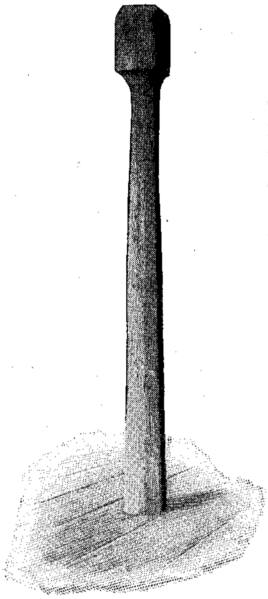


THE QUILL PENS OF HENRY W. LONGFELLOW AND REV. JAMES PIERPONT

The Old-Time District School

By Clifton Johnson

With Illustrations by the Author

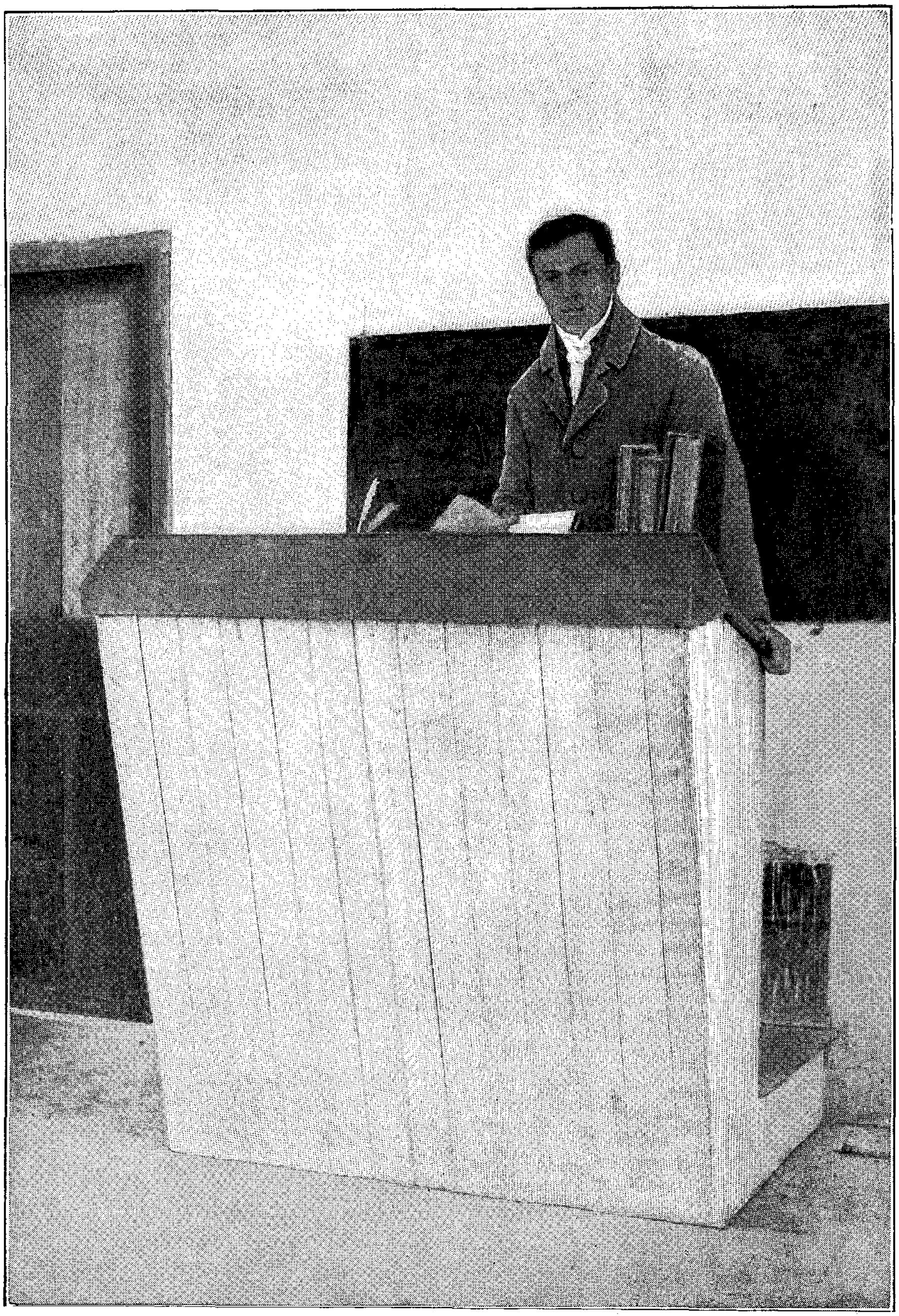


THE WHIPPING-POST

THE years after the Revolution on till about 1840 form the most picturesque period in our educational history. This was pre-eminently the period of the district school. In Colonial times either the town in its meetings chose the master, fixed his salary, and regulated the terms by which pupils were admitted, or else this business was turned over to the selectmen. Now, however, the control of school affairs in each division of the town was delegated to a "prudential committeeman," elected by the people of his own district. The amount of money to be raised for school support was still determined by the town and was assessed with the other taxes; but after its distribution among the districts there was no responsibility to the town for its expenditure.

The prudential committeeman received no pay and little honor, and there was seldom any rivalry for the position. It went to the man who was willing to serve and had ability enough to look after the repairing of the building and other material needs of the school. His educational qualifications were likely to be meager, and some of the local committeemen were very rude and ignorant. The district system resulted in many a teapot tempest, for every person had decided ideas as to how affairs in his or her own neighborhood should be managed, and, whatever action the committeeman took, he had to run a gauntlet of criticism that was often far from judicial or gentle. To settle the question of where one of the little frame school-houses should stand has been known to require ten district meetings scattered over two years. The one point on which all could agree was that it should be built where the land was as nearly valueless as possible. Any spot was good enough provided it was in the geographical center of the district. If the school-house was not thus centrally located, and the rights, real or fancied, of individuals were set aside for the convenience of the majority, then there was trouble that might smolder almost interminably, ready to blaze forth at any time.

Most of the buildings were erected close to the highway, and they encroached on the adjoining field very little. Usually they formed a part of the line fence. A favorite situation was at



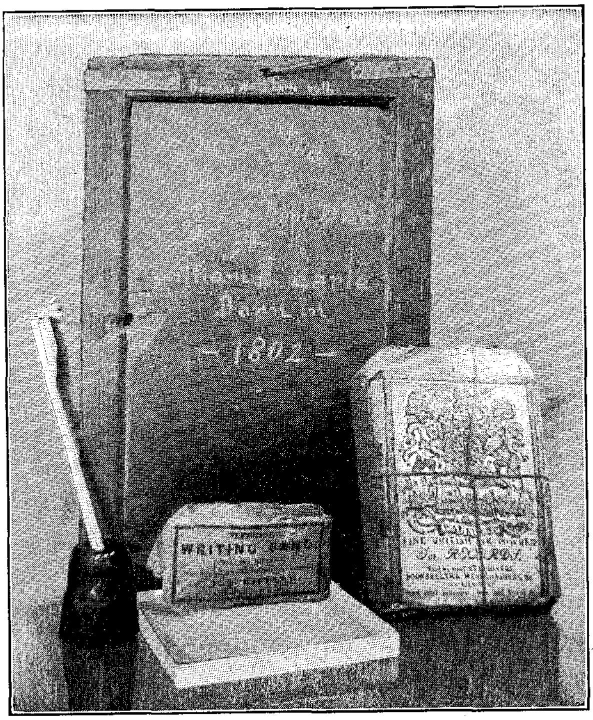
THE SCHOOLMASTER

the meeting of two or more roads, and sometimes the building would be so near the wheel tracks that a large stone was set up at the most exposed corner to protect the structure from being injured by passing vehicles. The school-houses seldom had inclosures or shade-trees, and the summer sun and the winter winds had free play.

The number of pupils in a district was likely to be large, for the children in the old-time families were numerous, and the farm regions had not yet begun to be depopulated by the cityward migration destined to drain them later. The main purpose of the constructors of the buildings seems to have been to see into how small a space the children could be crowded, and some school-rooms not over thirty feet square accommodated a hundred pupils. The structure was generally roughly clapboarded, and it might possibly receive a coat of red or yellow paint, but more likely paint was lacking both outside and in. The school-room was lathed and plastered, and was lighted by five or six small windows of twelve panes each. The glass in the windows was often broken, and during school hours in cool weather the place of the missing panes was apt to be supplied with hats.

Just inside, next to the entrance, was a fireplace, and at this same end of the room was the master's table or desk—usually a table in the early days; but later a desk specially contrived by the carpenter on a slight platform was customary. Along the walls on the remaining three sides of the room was a continuous sloping shelf about three feet from the floor, accompanied by long backless benches. The older scholars sat on the benches facing the wall. While they were studying they leaned against the edge of the shelf, and they rested their exercise books and slates on it when they wrote or ciphered. Under the sloping shelf was a horizontal one to hold the pupils' books and other school belongings when not in use. A line of lower benches for the smaller children was set within the three-sided square formed by those of the big scholars, and in the middle of the room was a limited open space. Here the classes stood while reciting, at which time they were expected faithfully to "toe the crack"—a particular crack between the floor boards chosen for the purpose of keeping them in line.

The school-room walls were dismally vacant, except for weather stains and grime from the fire, which had an annoying tendency to smoke. There were no maps or pictures, and even blackboards were not introduced until about 1820. Seats and desks were of pine or oak rudely fashioned by some local carpenter. Their aspect was not improved by the passing years; for the unpainted wood became more and more browned with the umber of human contact, and every possessor of a jackknife labored over them with much idle hacking and carving.



SLATE, INKSTAND, WRITING SAND, AND INK POWDER

Ordinarily there was a narrow entry running across the front of the building, mostly filled by a big chimney. The boys were supposed to hang their hats in the entry, but the diminutive space and few nails in the walls did not accommodate all the extra apparel, and much of it would lie on the floor to be trampled on. The fireplace which warmed the school-room was large and deep, and in severe weather it consumed not far from a cord of wood a week. The wood was always burned green. No one thought of getting the school wood ready long enough beforehand to allow it to season. Most of what was used was standing in the forests at the time the winter term began. When it was presently delivered in the school yard, it lay there exposed and was often wet by rain and buried in snow. In summer the place of the wood-pile was marked by scattered chips and refuse.

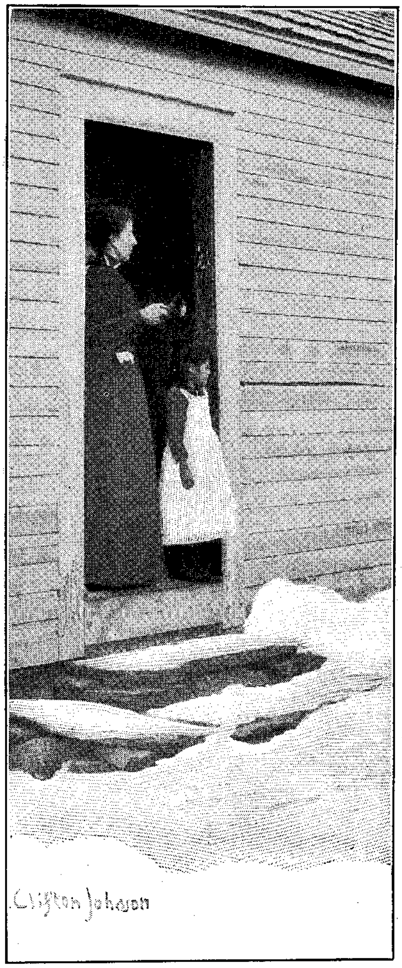
The children usually played around outside for awhile before school began in the morning, but at length a sudden outcry would arise, "There he is—the master's coming!" and they all started pell-mell for the school-room and clattered noisily into their seats, boys on one side of the room, girls on the other. In below-zero weather, however, there was no lingering outside, and if the lad who made the fire was not prompt, the little children stood about the room crying with cold while the big boys blew the flickering flames and coaxed the fire to start. Later in the morning the fire gradually waxed hotter and hotter until the heat was a real trial to those nearest the fireplace. But at the rear of the room the atmosphere might still be frigid, and the back-seat scholars would be asking, "Master, may I go to the fire?" at the same time that those in front were complaining, "Master, I am too hot."

A SCHOOL-GIRL

In a winter school of forty pupils there might be a dozen young men and women who were practically grown-up. On the other hand, quite a group of the youngest could not read, and several had not mastered the alphabet. The little scholars were most of the time "busy" keeping still. The backless benches they occupied were commonly far too high for them, leaving their feet dangling in midair. Of course they would get to knocking the shins of one another, a whiffet of laughter would escape, and the noise would increase until it attracted the attention of the master. Down came the pedagogue's ferule on his desk with a clap that sent shivers through the little learners' hearts to think how that would have felt had it fallen somewhere else. "Silence!" commanded the master, and he gave them a look that swept them into utter stillness.

The usual routine of a school day began with reading from the Testament by the "first class." Next came writing and its accompanying preparation of pens and copies, and possibly thawing and watering of ink. For each writer the master set a copy at the top of the copy-book pages. This copy in the case of a beginner would be simply straight lines, but a little practice on these sufficed, and the master changed the copy to "hooks and trammels," that is, to curved lines which received their name from their resemblance to the kitchen fireplace implements on which pots and kettles were hung from the crane. For the more advanced pupils the master wrote in a large round hand, "Procrastination is the thief of time," "Contentment is a virtue," or some other wise saw. Every writer was expected to fill out a page daily in imitation of the master's copy.

If the end of the term was near, the writing scholars, instead of using their copy-books, made exhibition pieces to pass around among the visitors on the last day. Ordinarily they did this work on a sheet 6 × 8 or 8 × 10 inches in size; but some of the more ambitious used paper four or five times larger. The sheet would contain a sentence or several sentences, or, it may be, a short essay on such subjects as Happiness, How to Get Riches, Spring, Resignation, Friendship; and there were a decorative border and flourishes, and often colored drawings of birds, flowers, pens, houses, ships, or other objects.



RECESS IS OVER

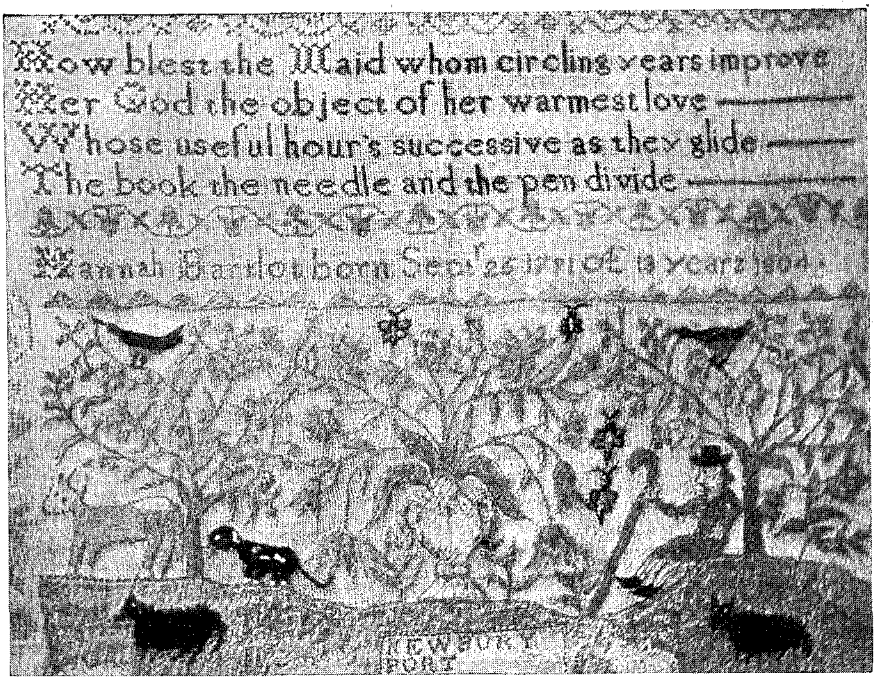
After writing, the second and third classes read from the Testament, and the smallest children were called out to repeat a few easy sentences from their primers or spelling-books.

About half-past ten the teacher said, "You may go out." The recess was short, but the scholars made the most of it till the instructor appeared at the door and rapped sharply on the door-post with his ferule as a signal for them to come in. Just inside the school-room, near the door, were a pail of water and a cup, and the children helped themselves as they entered. Some drank large quantities—in part to quench their thirst and in part to make an exhibition of their capacity. Work was resumed and the rest of the session was spent chiefly in a general "spell," the teacher giving out the words from a spelling-book, and the pupils spelling them at the top of their voices.

The afternoon began with reading by the first class from a reading-book, and then the other classes recited in turn until recess. The final hour was devoted to spelling once more, with some minor instruction in abbreviations, currencies, weights, measures, etc. Then there was a roll-call, and the boy whose turn it was to make the fire the next morning was reminded of the fact. As the scholars prepared to leave, the master gave positive orders for them to "go straight home, and be civil to everybody they might meet."

In the larger towns schools kept almost continuously, but, as a rule, the towns were content with a master's winter school of ten or twelve weeks attended by the older children, and a summer term of equal length taught by a woman, chiefly for the benefit of the little ones. The poorer communities had to get along with a single term of two or three months, or possibly of only a few weeks.

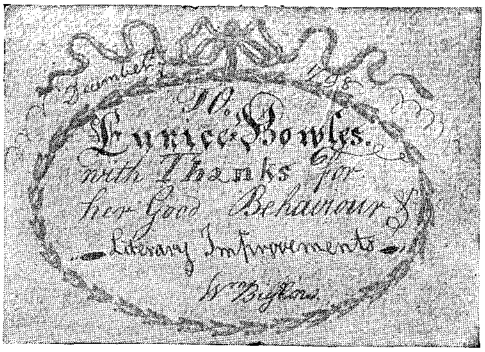
The winter term invariably began the


How blest the Maid whom circling years improve
Her God the object of her warmest love
Whose useful hour's successive as they glide
The book the needle and the pen divide
Hannah Barlot born Sepr 26 1791 Æt 13 years 1804
NEWBURY
PORT

A SAMPLER MADE BY A NEWBURYPORT SCHOOL-GIRL IN 1804

Monday succeeding Thanksgiving Day, and preparations were made for it by giving the school-room a thorough cleaning and getting fuel ready. The cleaning was done by the local women, with the help of the older boys and girls. None of the scanty school money was spent for janitor's work. Attendance was irregular, there was much tardiness, and many scholars did not come for some time after the term began because they had to wait until shoes or other articles of clothing were ready.

A considerable proportion of the masters of the winter schools were men whose pedagogic earnings helped them to work their way through the academy and the college. Others, during the larger part of the year, were engaged in farming, or labored in the village shops and took up the task of teaching each recurring winter, reckoning on the wages as a regular part of their annual income. They bargained for a term at a time, and change of place was common, so that they were likely to teach in nearly all the towns neighboring their homes. Some of them with more pronounced roving dispositions wandered far and wide.



December 1798

To

Eunice Bowles.

with Thanks for

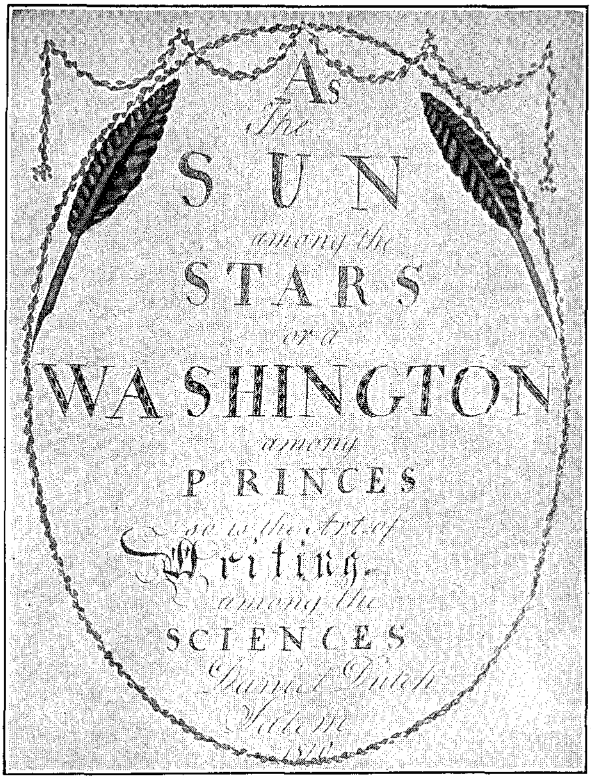
her Good Behaviour &

Literary Improvements

Wm Biglow

A REWARD OF MERIT, 1798

Generally the teacher was young, occasionally not more than sixteen years old; but if he was expert at figures, if he could read the Bible without stumbling over the long words, if he could write well enough to set a decent copy, if he could mend a pen, if he had vigor enough of character to assert his authority and strength enough to maintain it, he would do. Pluck was, indeed, of superlative importance. According to the old-time educational ideal, the lesson of all others to be impressed on the scholars was obedience, and there were pretty certain



As
The
SUN
among the
STARS
or a
WASHINGTON
among
PRINCES
so is the Art of
Writing
among the
SCIENCES
Daniel Dutch
Salem
1810

AN EXHIBITION PIECE, 1810

to be big boys among the pupils whose love of knowledge was far exceeded by their love of mischief and spirit of insubordination. A muscular clash with them was all but inevitable, and the master who lacked courage or athletic vigor was likely to meet with ignominious disaster. When the boys had "put out" two or three masters in succession, the school got the name of being "hard," and the prudential committeeman was obliged to offer liberal wages and seek out a teacher who could overpower the young savages. That this warfare between the teachers and taught was common is shown by a record of over three hundred Massachusetts schools broken up in the year 1837 by the mutinous pupils or by the incompetence of the teachers.

Severity was held to be a virtue in a teacher rather than the contrary. Some parents were uneasy if the master was backward in applying the rod, and inferred that the children could not be learning much. The means the average schoolmaster employed to tame and discipline his pupils were extremely primitive. He depended chiefly on a ruler, or on what was called "the heavy gad," by which expression was designated five feet of elastic sapling. These two implements were applied with force and frequency. An appropriate share of the chastisement was visited on the girls, and the older ones were not allowed to escape justice any more than the younger ones; for it was thought that a youth of either sex who was not too old to do wrong was not too old to be punished. We get a suggestive impression of what the discipline could be from the fact that a Sunderland, Massachusetts, school-house erected in 1793 contained a whipping-post set firmly in the school-room floor. To this post offenders were tied and whipped in the presence of their mates. It is also related that the school-room walls, as time went on, became marred with dents made by ferules hurled at misbehaving pupils' heads with an aim that sometimes proved untrue.

Occasionally a teacher did not punish at all by main strength, but resorted to moral suasion. Thus a Belchertown master, when his pupils became noisy, would stamp his foot and cry out, "Children, if you do not behave better I will go right off and leave you," and the children would be frightened into orderly quiet.

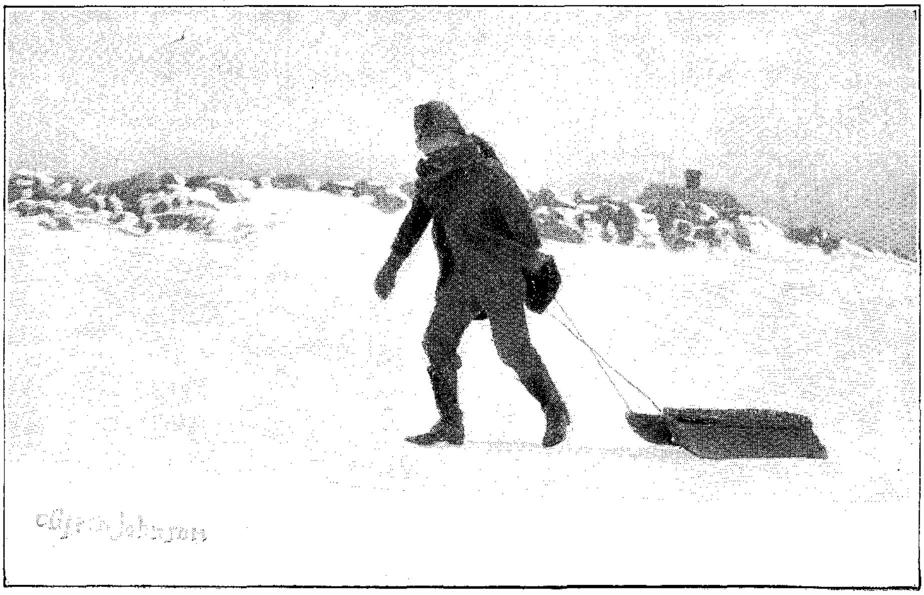
The usual sum paid to a master was ten or twelve dollars a month, though a wealthy district might in exceptional cases give twenty dollars to retain a man of culture and experience. Women earned from four to ten dollars. Even after the middle of the nineteenth century the standard pay for a woman teacher in many districts was one dollar a week. Instances of still lower wages can be found a few decades earlier. Thus a qualified woman teacher in a Connecticut town in 1798 received a weekly stipend of sixty-seven cents, and some masters of that period were paid no more. Besides the money remuneration, the districts boarded the teachers. Otherwise the salary would have loomed much larger and the town appropriation would have quickly melted away. The teacher "boarded round" among the homes of the pupils, spending at each house a length of time proportioned to the number of school-children in the family. The custom was common until after 1850.

An interesting side-light on education in the district schools is furnished by an official report of 1838 concerning the then thousand school buildings of Massachusetts. Their estimated value was little above a half-million dollars. To-day we have single school structures which have cost more than that. The report says, "There is no other class of buildings within our limits, erected for the permanent or temporary residence of our native population, so inconvenient, so uncomfortable, so dangerous to health by their construction within or without, abandoned to cheerlessness and dilapidation."

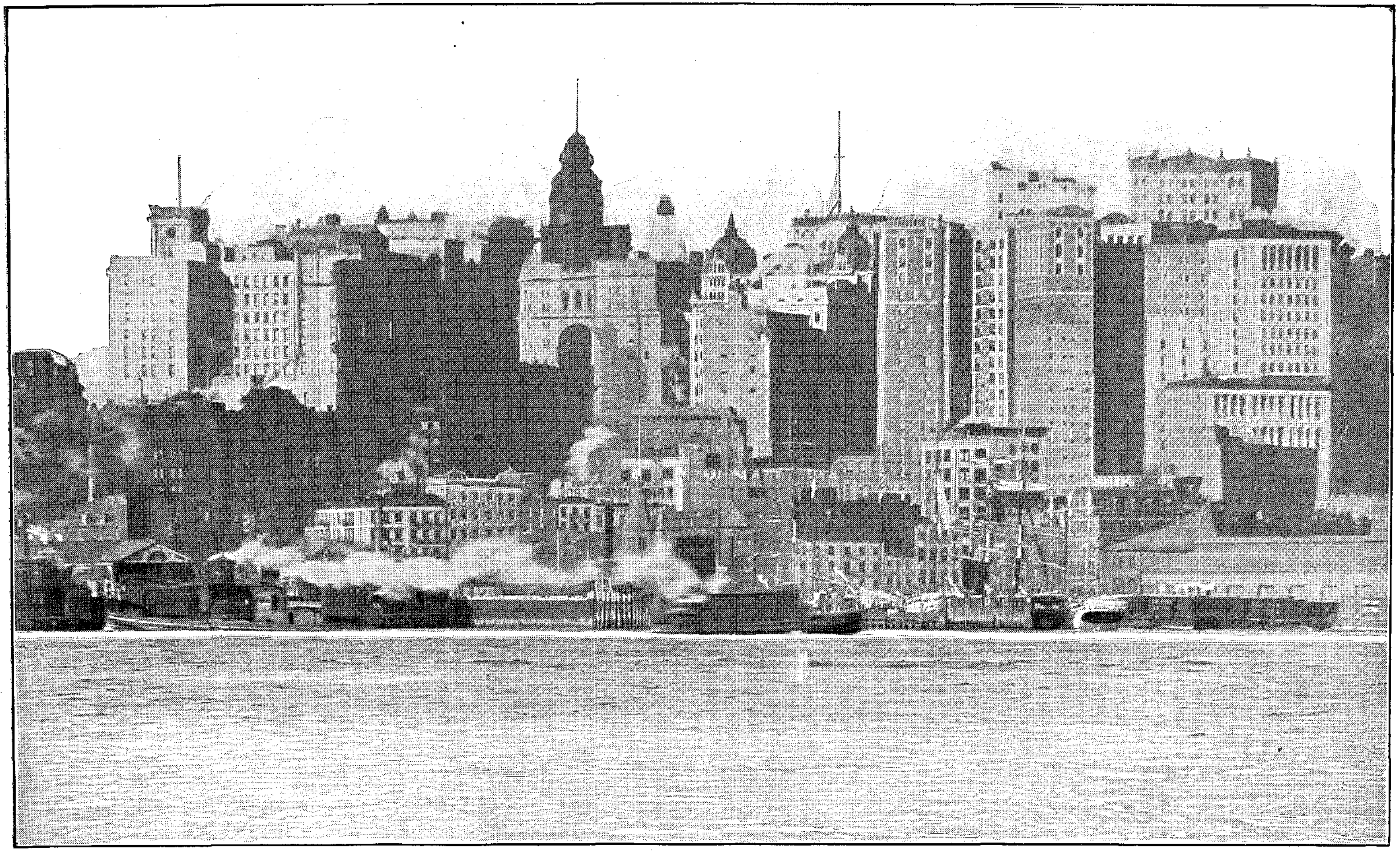
The required studies were reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, geography, and grammar. Algebra and even Latin and French were attempted in an occasional school if the teacher was equal to them. Yet with all this broadening in studies and all the advances in school-books, and in spite of the correct English the books were supposed to impart, the scholars in their daily conversation continued to use the vernacular.

One handicap to effective teaching was the fact that it might happen that no two pupils were equally advanced in their studies—possibly did not have the same text-books. The books were often much worn and defaced, for they were family heirlooms, and continued in use as long as they held together.

Some one has said, "It seems to me that we may learn everything when we know the letters of the alphabet;" and it is unquestionably true that the capable and aspiring youth can make a very slender educational foundation serve to give an opportunity for great development. In most of the old district schools little was imparted beyond a few bare rudiments; the teachers were often ignorant and sometimes brutal, the methods mechanical and dreary. Notable men have come from "the little red schoolhouses," but this was because of their own native energy and thrifty acquisitiveness, and was not due to any superlative virtues of the schools themselves.



GOING HOME FROM SCHOOL

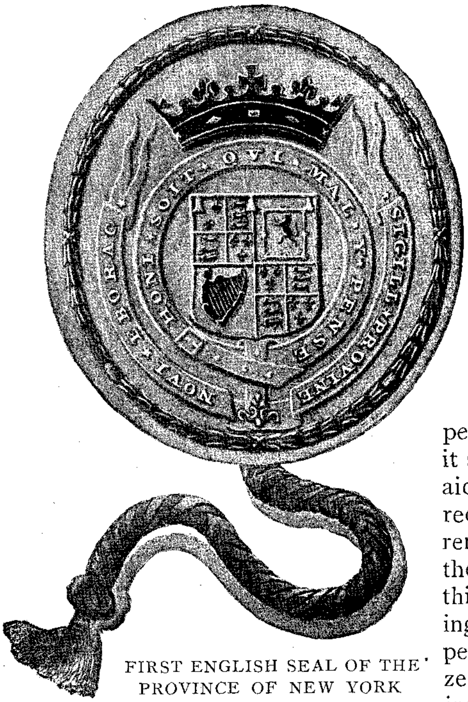


THE TOWERING MASS OF "SKY-SCRAPERS"

The Genius of the Cosmopolitan City[1]

By Hamilton Wright Mabie

Illustrated with Photographs by Arthur Hewitt



FIRST ENGLISH SEAL OF THE PROVINCE OF NEW YORK

IT has been said of a certain American city that it is not a place, but a state of mind. Truth is often spoken in jest, especially if the jest have the savor and insight of wit; and there is a half-truth in this bit of humorous characterization. There is something more in a city than its visible order, its material structure, its drives and parks and museums and works of art; there is its spirit. Every city has a genius, a spiritual individuality, as distinctive as the genius of the greatest man who grows up in its shelter. For a city is something more than a collection of persons; if you are trying to understand what it stands for in the world, you will get little aid from the directory; it is an entity which records and reveals itself in many ways, remaining itself invisible. It has many of the qualities and attributes of personality; it thinks, it feels, and it acts. And in thinking, feeling, and acting it is not a composite person, made up of the traits of all its citizens; it is a force distinct from them; an influence which does not emanate wholly from them, but definitely, persistently, and powerfully affects them. It makes a very real difference whether one is born in Boston or in New York or in Charleston. Each of these cities has its own history, ideals, point of view; and the child can no more escape the influence of these potent elements of education than it can escape the climatic influences which rise out of the earth and pervade the atmosphere.

Genius, an American essayist has said, is not a single power, but a combination of great powers. The genius of a city is a power created by a combination of powers of earth and of air; by its location, the circumstances which determined its earliest activities, the quality and force of the men who laid its foundations, the reflex influence of its leaders in successive generations. And this soul of a city, which gives inspiration, direction, color to its manifold life, attains at last such definite individuality that it is unconsciously personified and becomes *the* genius of the city, the spirit of the locality; that searching, penetrating influence which broods over childhood, and gathers about itself the sentiment of maturity, and takes on a kind of radiance from the memories of age; an influence which our ancestors of Latin blood embodied in those lesser deities with whom they lived in the intimacies of the home, the field, the foot-path, and the spring.

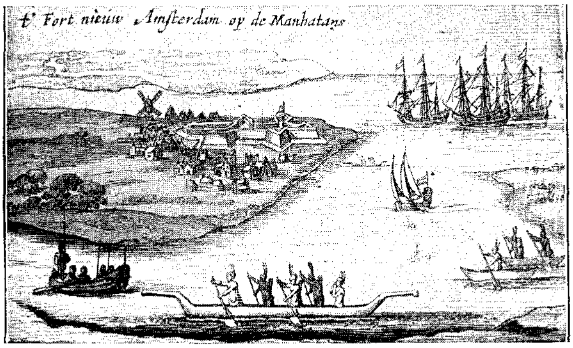
Florence, Venice, Edinburgh, Boston, and New York not only differ in the aspects they wear to the eye, but still more in the impression they convey to the imagination. Venice and Florence were separated by a little stretch of two hundred and fifty miles, but if they had been as far apart as the ends of the earth they could hardly have differed more radically in the years when their activities were at the flood. It is a five hours' journey from New York to Boston, but what numerals could express the divergence of their points of view? This difference, it is well to remember, is not expressed in terms of superiority or of inferiority, but of variation. If I say that the New England capital breathes a more rarefied air than the metropolis, I do not necessarily mean that the souls of the good are made perfect there more rapidly than here. If I speak of the repose of that hospitable city which still cherishes the virtues of the Friends, I do not necessarily imply that a man can save his soul as well as his nerves more easily in Philadelphia than in New York. If I comment on the swiftness of the movement of life in Chicago, I do not necessarily mean that a man reaches desirable ends there more quickly than here. It is an interesting fact that, while American cities are prone to gibe at one another, they are all agreed in regarding New York as the most material, luxurious, money-loving, and unmoral community in the New World. It has become a tradition that, whatever New York is, it is not intellectual, religious, moral, homogeneous, beautiful, or American; and New Yorkers have become so accustomed to this state of the provincial mind that they long ago ceased to deny, to explain, or to apologize. We may all be persons of foreign birth; we may not know people on our own block; we may waste our bodies and despoil our souls below Fourteenth Street in order that our wives and daughters may wear Paris gowns on Murray Hill; we may pay pew-rent in fashionable churches, and spend so much time in Lenox, Newport, Florida, Southern California, and on the Riviera that we are useless for religious work; all these things, which citizens of other cities lay at our doors, we may be and do; but, in view of our silence and patience under accusation, one virtue we may claim: the cosmopolitan virtue of geniality. When Boston disapproves of our devotion to business, and Philadelphia is pained by our easy forgetfulness of ancestral qualifications, and Chicago points the finger of scorn at the deliberation of our movements, we do not reply in kind. It may be that we have sunk too low; it may be that we have seen too many phases and crazes come and go; it may be that we have attained the cosmopolitan virtue of attending strictly to our own affairs; it may be that we have so much to do that we have accepted as our rule of life a famous counsel of Dr. Jowett's to a friend who was going through a fiery furnace of criticism: "Retract nothing, explain nothing, get it done, and let them howl."

---

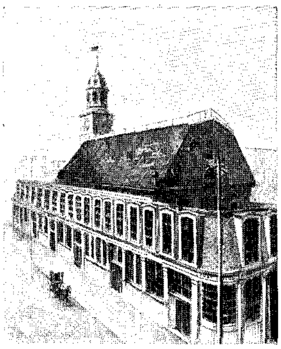
[1] From an address delivered before the New York Historical Society on its ninety-ninth anniversary, Tuesday, November 17, 1903, on which occasion the corner-stone of the new building of the Society was laid by Mayor Low.

This great city of ours, with its diversities of race, of religion, of social, political, and personal ideals—has it a unity which the country has as yet failed to recognize, a genius which belongs to the future rather than to the past, and which, because it is of the future, is slow to reveal itself? We forget that New York is not only the first of cities of modern birth in magnitude of population and interests, but that it is also a city of a new type. Its very diversities are creating here a kind of city which men have not seen before; in which a unity of a more inclusive, if not of a higher, order is slowly forming itself; a city the genius of which has the light of prophecy in it.

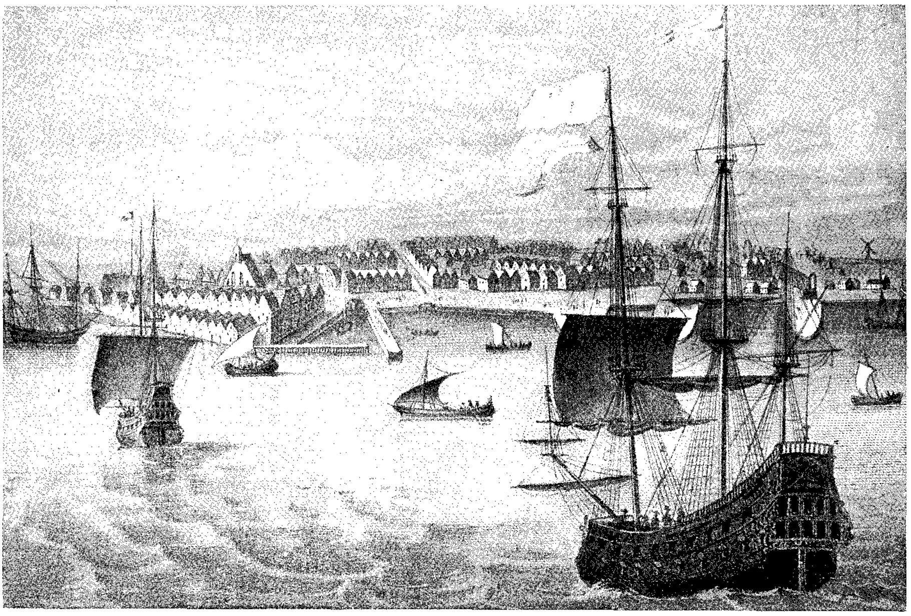
From its earliest beginnings, New York has been a composite community; location, settlement, commerce, and original population determined its type at the very start. What it is to-day on a great scale it was when only a handful of houses were irregularly grouped about the fort on the Battery. The noble harbor and the low, grassy point of land on which the future cosmopolitan city was to rise were first seen by an Englishman holding a Dutch commission, commanding a crew of rough sea-dogs drawn from seagoing ports of England and from the dikes of Holland, in a high-built, clumsy craft of Dutch make, but bearing an English name. The Half-Moon, coming up the harbor on a September day in 1609, two years after the settlement at Jamestown and eleven years before that at Plymouth, was a typical forerunner of a vast flotilla, bearing men and women of many races,


t' Fort nieuw Amſterdam op de Manhatans

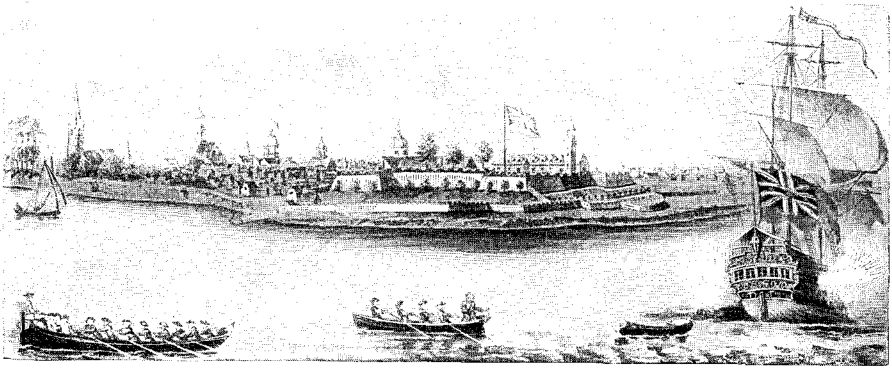
THE EARLIEST VIEW OF NEW YORK



OLD POST-OFFICE



NEW AMSTERDAM IN 1667



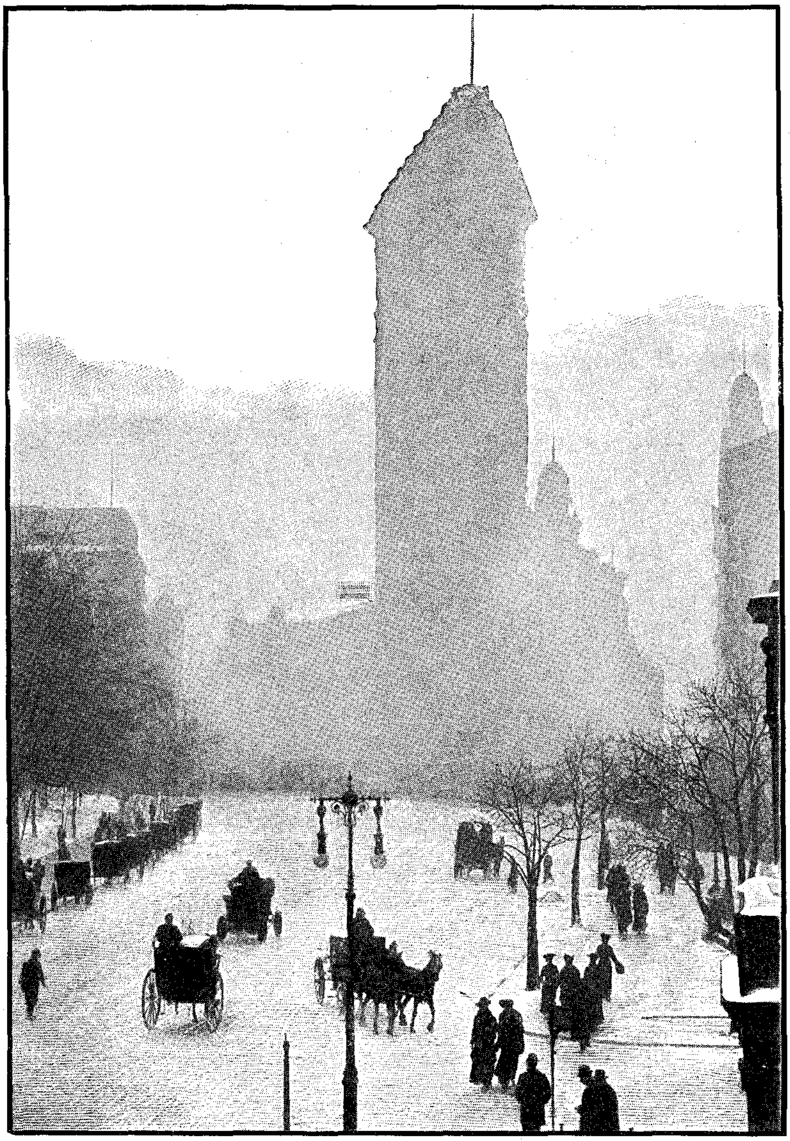
A VIEW OF FORT GEORGE IN 1740

OLD NEW YORK

THE NEW "TIMES" BUILDING IN LONGACRE SQUARE

from all parts of Europe, to feed the population of a city which is affiliated by racial ties with all parts of the globe.

The earliest buildings in New York were the huts of fur-traders, and the first permanent settlement was made and the first government conducted by a commercial corporation of such magnitude that it does not greatly suffer by comparison with similar organizations to-day. The West India Company, chartered by the States General of Holland, like the Hudson's Bay Company of its own time and the English East India Company of a later period, was endowed by law with those governmental privileges and powers which are still surreptitiously exercised by their corporate successors. And it was not without significance that the West India Company, authorized not only to trade in the new country, but to govern as well, started upon its career as a fully developed monopoly. Thus, at the very beginning, trade and monopoly stood sponsors for the city of the future. In New England,



THE FLATIRON BUILDING ON A MISTY MORNING

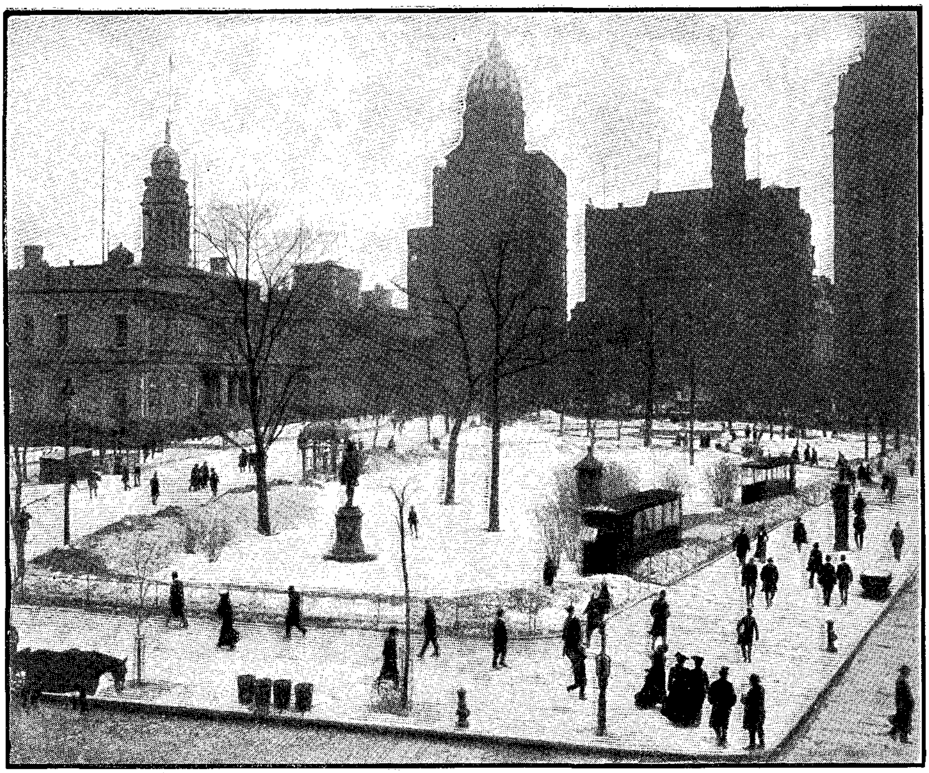
a little later, they were praising God and killing the Indians with right good will; in Virginia they were building up vast estates, shipping tobacco to England, and living merrily in the wilderness, sharpening the dull edge of frontier life with the racing of horses, the fighting of cocks, and those liberal potations which have not ceased to be mixed in that genial country; in New York they were selling for as much and buying for as little as possible. The commercial instinct, which we all deplore, without for a moment giving up the luxuries with which it surrounds us, was more frankly avowed in New York than in the colonies to the north and south; but it is to be feared that it was not a whit more controlling at the bottom. Piety did not blunt the business sagacity of the New Englander: and renunciation was not the habitual practice of the Virginia colonists.

At the west end of the beautiful old church at Dives, on the coast of Normandy, whence William the Conqueror set sail for England in 1066, is inscribed the long list of the names of his companions in arms. These names have taken on a golden hue in the softened light of almost nine centuries; but it is to be feared that close scrutiny of the aims of the men who bore them would reveal quite as much self-seeking, greed, and general unscrupulousness as marked the dealings of the New Englanders with the Indians, of the Virginians with one another, and of the primitive New Yorkers with the rest of the world. The mailed knight who beat the life out of his fellow in order that he might possess his lands and bequeath them to his own heirs and assigns forever, was not, after all, much more a gentleman than his less imposing brother who, by the arts of peace and in ways of pleasantness, persuaded his fellow to part with his property at something below its cost. The early settlers of New York were not greedy sinners, with a colony of saints at the north and a colony of chivalrous and self-sacrificing gentlemen at the south; they were, like all the other colonists, saints at times and sinners at others; serving God and Mammon after the manner of all their ancestors and a large majority of their descendants.

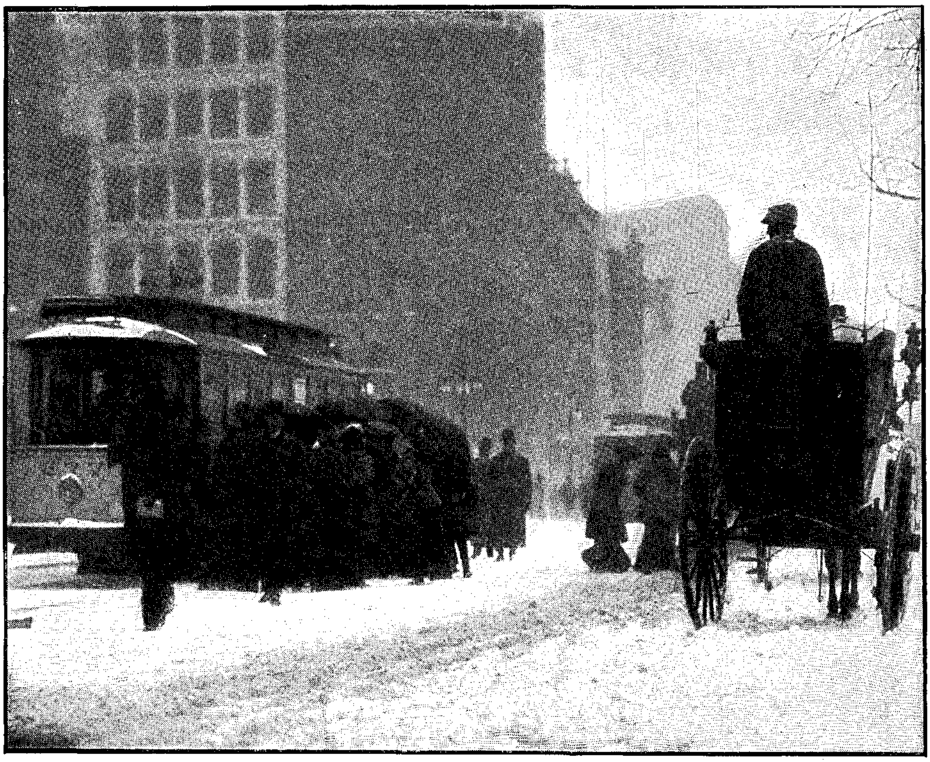
Never was there a more shocking example of the enormity of the unearned increment than is afforded by the fact that New York was bought in 1626 for twenty-four dollars! There were then about two hundred people living about the Battery, and wolves and bears wandered at will in the neighborhood of Grace Church and Union Square. It was a small community which was first known as New Amsterdam; a weak outpost of civilization, with an old world behind it perilous to reach in the clumsy yachts of the time, and a new world of savage life and mysterious depths of forest before it. But it was already a cosmopolitan community, with a mixture of races and a confusion of tongues prophetic of the later city. The Dutch were in possession of the government and—what was far more important—of the monopoly; but there were Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans living side by side with them; and during the forty years of Dutch supremacy these main streams of population flowed with fairly even current.

As conditions became more settled, immigration of a higher grade fed the little frontier town, and men of substance, entitled to use those coats of arms which have been so extensively pillaged in our own time, came in increasing numbers to become the founders of influential colonial families, and to give the popular movements of a later day courageous and competent leadership. Of men of the class known in the Old World as gentlemen there were as many in New Amsterdam and along the Hudson to Albany as in Virginia, in South Carolina, or in Massachusetts. They came from the cities of Holland, from old and from New England, from Germany, and from France; but the most influential men of the colony were Dutchmen, Englishmen, and Frenchmen. The first brought immense staying power and solid qualities of many kinds; the Englishman brought his highly trained capacity for government; the Huguenot his power of devotion, and that charm of manner which was to give the rough setting of social life on the edge of the wilderness a touch of Old-World dignity and refinement. Then there was a mixed population, made up of apprentices and redemptioners, largely of English and Irish blood; for the Irish—for good and for ill, for pleasure and for pain, in prosperity and in adversity—have always been with us, to contribute to our many-sided life the irresistible charm and the wayward impulses of the Celtic temperament. There was a considerable representation of the shiftless, incompetent, and irresponsible among the white population; and there was a considerable group of slaves, recently imported from Africa and but a little removed from the savage state. No less than eighteen languages and dialects were spoken in the little town.

There were, a little later, great patroons ruling estates hundreds of miles square; there were substantial houses, with broad halls and spacious rooms, furnished with those huge four-post, canopied beds in which our well-to-do ancestors smothered on summer nights; there were massive cabinets and tables;

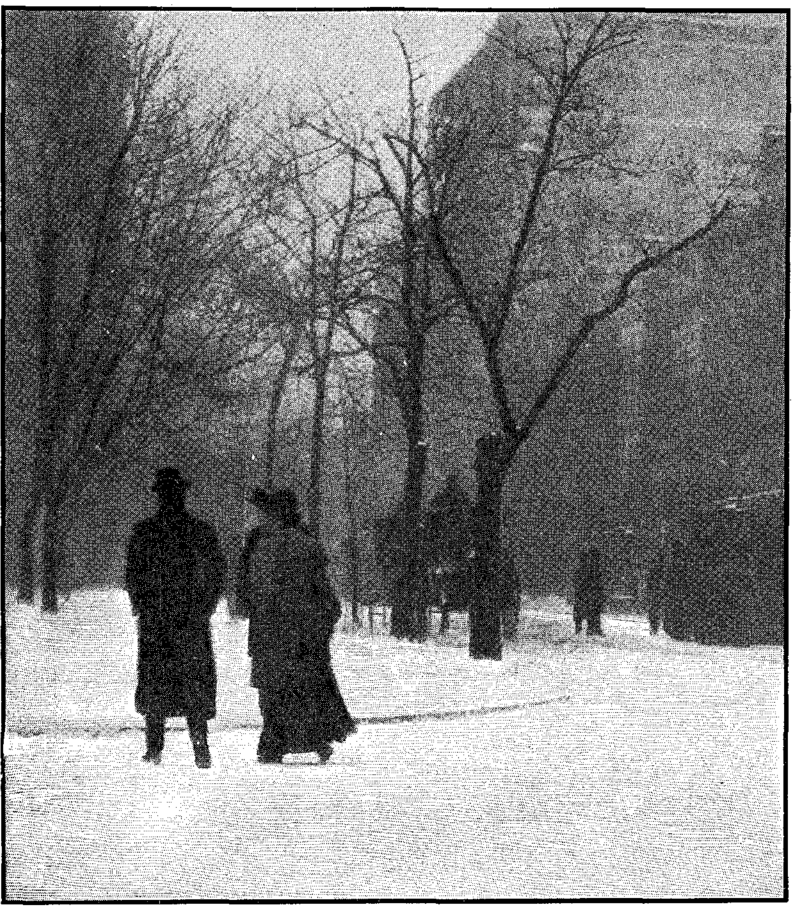


THE CITY HALL AND NEWSPAPER ROW

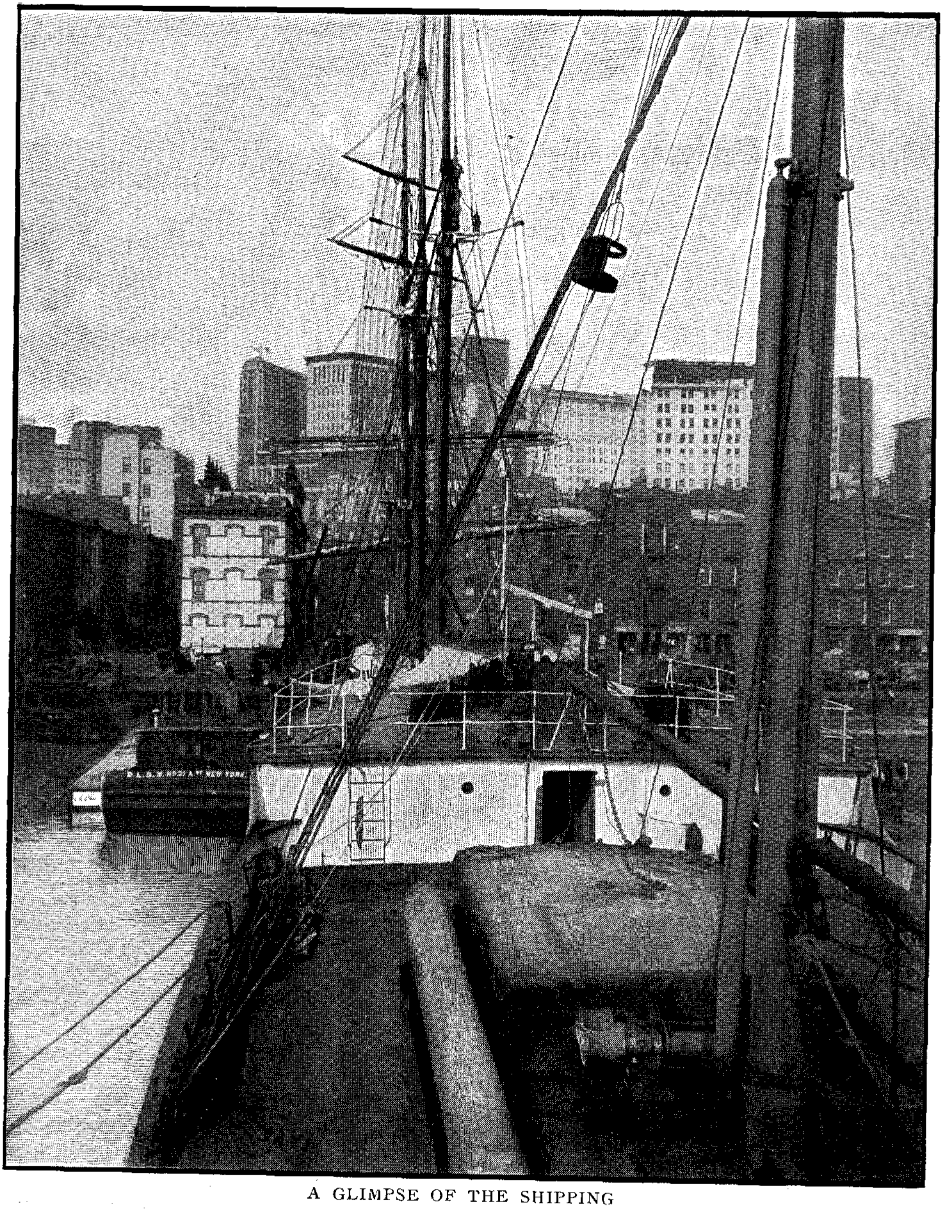


BROADWAY AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET. BOARDING A CAR IN RUSH HOURS the walls were hung with portraits as significant of family pride as they were free from all suggestions of art; there were great clocks and heavy silver plate glorious with blazonry of arms. There were rambling, old-fashioned gardens, laid out with mathematical exactness, but redolent of the fragrance of old-fashioned flowers and dear to the birds which are of a fashion of God's making. There were ladies in beautiful apparel; for our grandmothers were quite as attractive as their granddaughters. There were gentlemen in silk stockings and knee-breeches and velvet doublets and long coats ornamented with silver; for in those stirring days man was far more free to make himself beautiful than in these monotonous days of London fashion-plates and no color save an occasional flash of the old audacity in his neckwear. There was much eating and deep drinking; there was persistent seeking of pleasure, for our ancestors were singularly like ourselves. And there were men and women in hovels, ignorant and wretched and vicious; and there were semi-savage slaves. It is clear that New York began her civic career with a full equipment of the conditions and problems which perplex the modern city. She had many races to unify; many diversities of religion, language, and social ideal to harmonize; many apparently antagonistic elements to fuse into one homogeneous community.

She had diversity and variety—prime elements in the cosmopolitan city; she had also the quality which makes the blending of these elements possible—toleration. The Dutch Lutheran, the English Churchman, and the French Calvinist lived together on a basis of mutual recognition of differences of

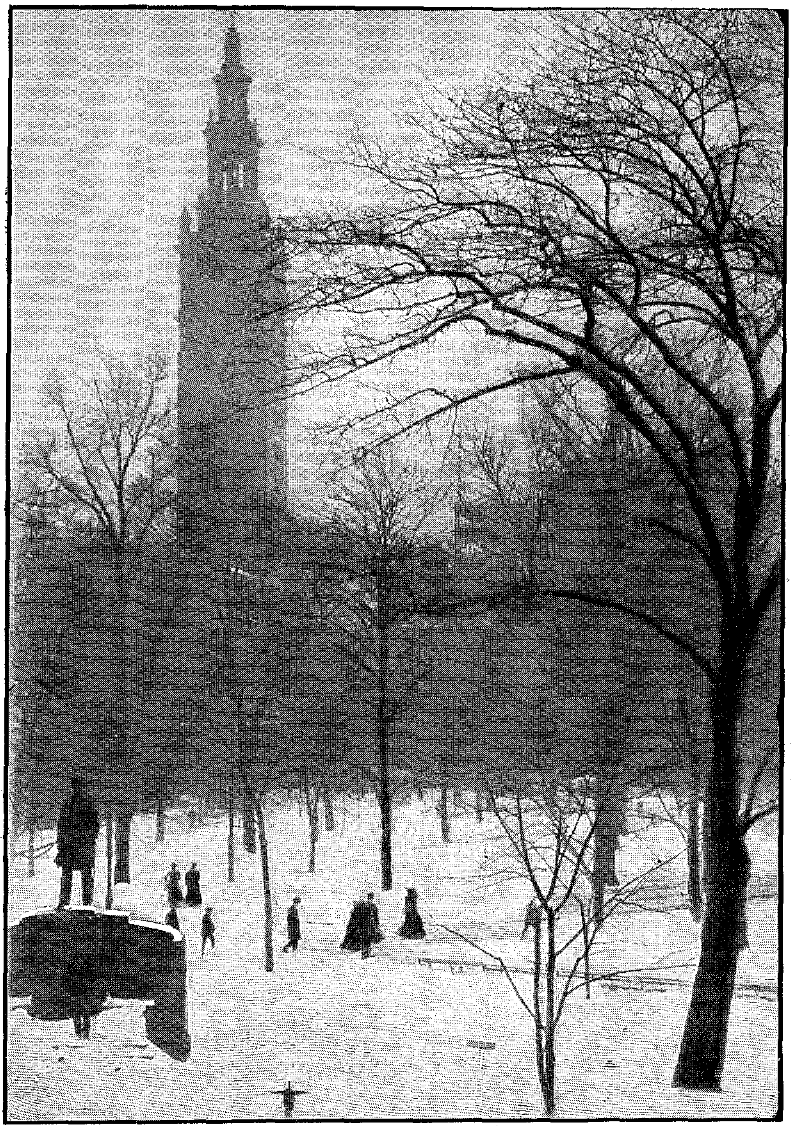


IN UNION SQUARE



A GLIMPSE OF THE SHIPPING

creed and practice. The taking of the oath of allegiance made men of all faiths save one equal before the law. Quakers and Baptists, fleeing from the militant conscience of New England, found refuge in New Amsterdam. Roman Catholics were soon included in this broad zone of toleration. The old church in the fort on the Battery was a symbol of the larger comprehension and wider sympathies of a later day; in the morning, within its bare but hospitable walls, a service was held in Dutch, at midday in French, and in the afternoon in English; while the Roman Catholics worshiped in a chapel close at hand. There is no evidence that these Christians were corrupted by their friendly relations with one another; and their descendants are every whit as loyal to their religious convictions as are the descendants of the men who, in that age, were beating out one another's brains because they could not agree on a standard translation



THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN TOWER

of the fundamental article of the Christian religion, "God is love."

In the beginning there was not only religious liberty, but political equality as well. The port of New York was as open in the seventeenth century as it is in the twentieth. There was no statue of liberty in the harbor in those days, but men of every faith and race found the same welcome when they set foot in the little town. Seventeen years after the organization of the colony in New Amsterdam a popular meeting was called by a director whose lack of wisdom and moderation had brought the community to the verge of ruin, and a council of representative men was formed; and this council promptly protested against the arbitrary measures of the director, and demanded substantial self-government.

When the colony passed under English rule, their civil and religious rights were guaranteed to the Dutch, and the privilege of naturalization to all foreigners was reaffirmed. The English element in the population had long been influential, and the only change effected by the lowering of the Dutch and the raising of the English flag at the Battery was the shifting of the balance of power from one group of citizens to another. The second English ruler of the city—a charming gentleman of Cavalier breeding, who bore the name of the most gracious of Cavalier singers, Lovelace—won all hearts by equal intimacy with the English, the French, and the Dutch, and in a club which he organized the three languages were spoken; and the English service was still held in the Dutch church. In 1683 the Duke of York, the patron of the city, whose name has in consequence at least one pleasant and creditable association, granted to the colony a charter, by the terms of which the right of self-taxation (with certain minor exceptions), of self-government, and liberty of conscience and of religion were guaranteed to all. This charter, James, Duke of York, graciously signed and sealed but forgot to deliver—a slip of memory which James, become the second of his name on the English throne, omitted to make good. The colony proceeded, however, as if this generous document were in force; and one of the earliest acts taken under it was the conferring of all the rights of citizenship upon all white foreigners who should take the oath of allegiance.

These broad lines of tolerance and equality, thus early marked out in New York, were not always consistently respected; and the city was to pass through many changes of civic order before the success of the party of liberty in the War of the Revolution made this wide foundation of freedom of thought and action, of equality of creeds before the law and equality of races in the rights and privileges of citizenship, permanent; but the note struck thus early was expressive of its spirit and prophetic of its history.

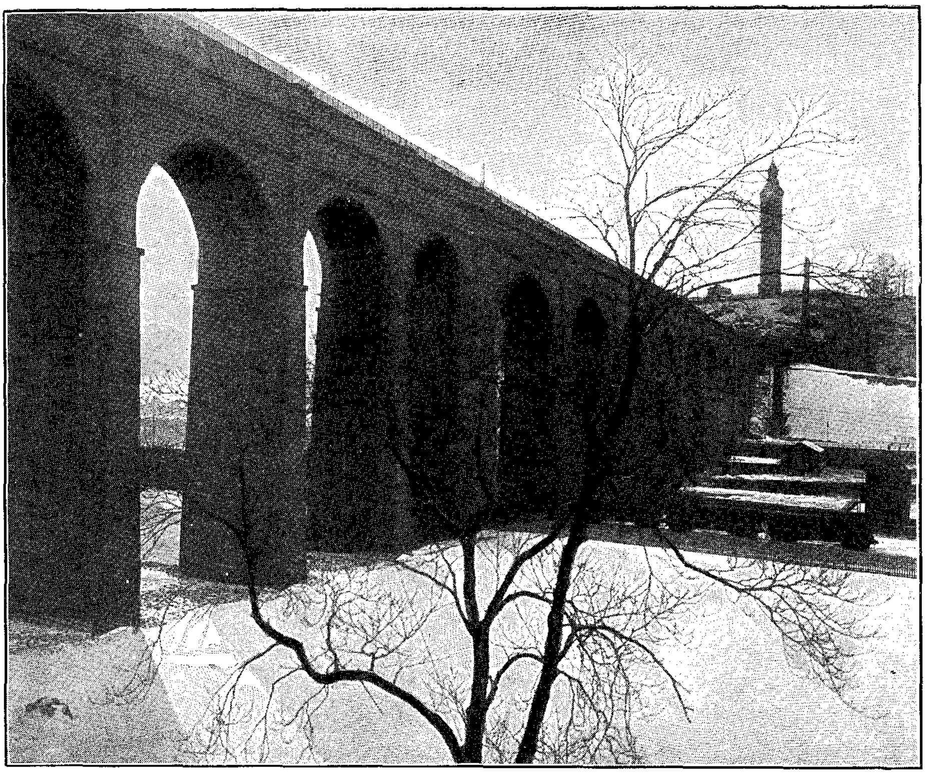
It was to be a cosmopolitan or world-city; a place where the races were to mingle with mutual respect and toleration, to give the New World a metropolis of a new type. While the men of the Massachusetts colonies were drawing not only race but church lines about the franchise, the men of New York, who had apparently a higher opinion of God, or of themselves, were throwing all the doors open and inviting everybody to come in. Our hospitality, thus early

IN BROAD STREET

illustrated to the world, has cost us a good deal in many ways, and we are still bearing its burdens and meeting its draughts on our faith, our patience, and our generosity. It has given our friends, south and west, the opportunity of saying that New York is the least American of cities because it is the least homogeneous. But it is fair to ask, "Which is the most distinctively American, the community in which the citizens are all of one blood, or that in which many races combine to create a new race?" If America is simply an extension of England in the New World, then New York is the least American of cities; but if America stands for a different order of society, a new kind of political and social unity, a fresh arrangement of the various families of men on a freer and broader basis, then New York is the most American of cities.

No single vessel brought all the settlers and all their furniture in one voyage to New York. That feat has been performed but twice in the history of the world; and much eloquence has made both the Ark and the Mayflower distasteful to us. We came in many ships; some of us came in the first cabin and some in the steerage—the Ark and the Mayflower are the only ships in which all the passengers were the same grade; we sailed from many ports; we had many creeds and were accustomed to many kinds of social and political habit; and we have been living together, not ideally, but peacefully, prosperously, and with a growing liking for one another, for a matter of almost three hundred years—that is the story of New York in a paragraph. Its full meaning becomes clear only when it is placed side by side with the story of the discords, the strifes, the deep-rooted racial and religious animosities of one great group of cities, and with the simpler problems, the narrower interests and sympathies, of the cities of homogeneous population. The homogeneous city has virtues and charms which the cosmopolitan city lacks; but it has also defects and limitations which the cosmopolitan city escapes. It is a city of a type as old as Bagdad and Damascus; the cosmopolitan city is of the new type; made possible by the leveling of the old walls of racial ignorance and prejudice; prophetic of the new ordering of society in a working fraternity of races.

A SNOW-STORM IN MADISON SQUARE



HIGH BRIDGE

The city of New York was founded by a great trading company in possession of a monopoly; but this company, like all other human organizations, was curiously compounded of selfishness and idealism; it was bent on profits, but it was also bent on doing the Lord's work according to its lights, and smiting with a mighty hand the power of the King of Spain in the western waters. In the pursuit of its double purpose, the Dutch West India Company filled its coffers with the contents of the Spanish treasure-ships; gave substantial aid to the other semi-commercial, semi-governmental companies, large and small, which swept the Spanish Main with a resolute audacity and a calculated recklessness that have their place among the great traditions of daring; broke the Spanish power at its sources; set the Netherlands free from the paralyzing hand of Spain; made popular government possible in America by establishing the supremacy of the English language and the English and Dutch political ideals; and developed New York as the product and symbol of this reordering of society. In the final summing up of great enterprises it may appear that in the movement of which New York was the fruit a service was rendered to the race quite as great as the service of those cities which grew out of a single strenuous endeavor for better conditions along a single line. Speaking reverently, Providence has breadth as well as height, and fertilization is as important as elevation.

Founded by traders, as many of the great cities have been founded, New York has always been a center of immense commercial interests and activity. Its noble harbor has seen, for almost three centuries, the coming and going of ships laden with cargoes from the ends of the earth. It is significant that the earliest product of human skill here was a ship; built, Mr. Janvier thinks, on the creek which once flowed where Broad Street now runs, and near the point where it joins Pearl Street. The Dutch builders called this forerunner of the commerce of New York the "On-rust"—the "Restless"—a name significant alike of their hopes and spirits and of the world-wide activity of the metropolis.

New York has always been deeply interested in ships and canals and railways—the means and instruments of communication which have made the modern world possible, and brought in, in a rough preliminary way, the brotherhood of man. She has sometimes cared too much for these things; like Paris, London, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago, she has often thought more about comfort than about righteousness; and when she has fallen from grace she has suffered humiliation and borne various kinds of punishment. These things have come to her, however, not because she has been commercial but because she has confused means with ends. There is nothing corrupting in commerce; it is as honorable to found a city for trading purposes as to descend suddenly upon a country with galleys, put its inhabitants to the sword, and take possession of their estates in the name of William of Normandy. Commerce is a peaceful and increasingly honest substitute for the wholesale thieving of feudal times.

And when it comes to the matter of art, it is well to remember that Venice, the most poetic rendering of civic necessities in terms of architecture that the world has ever known, was the first commercial city of a great period; that her palaces were built because the ships that lay at their doors were laden with the treasures of the East; that the art which translated her religious and civic ideals into a language so splendid, so commanding, so significant of greatness of spirit, was cherished, guarded, and loved by great merchants rather than by great princes; that, speaking soberly, life has never been so magnificently dressed as in a city whose genius for commerce these later times have not surpassed. It is well to remember that Florence, mother of great personalities, so completely mistress of the arts that she spoke with equal ease and authority in architecture, sculpture, painting, and poetry, was a city whose rulers were called merchant princes.

The men who founded New York were among the foremost traders of their time; but who has loved liberty with a more passionate devotion than they, and where does the genius of man interpret the soul of man with more commanding and searching power than on the walls of the galleries of The Hague, of Haarlem, and of Amsterdam?

In this city, in the year 1809, American literature was born. Books had been written in the Colonies, and later in the States, before "Knickerbocker's History of New York" appeared; but these earlier books were historical, religious, or polemical treatises; they were contributions to causes; Irving wrote as birds sing and flowers bloom; because man was made to live, not by work alone, but by the free expression of all the interests of his spirit. Two elements in Irving's work are significant for the present purpose; he was the earliest interpreter of the Old World to the New; he, more than any other among the pioneers of American literature, reknit the sundered peoples by bringing back, with all the charm of tender sentiment and gentle humor, the ripeness and beauty of the old home. "There are no real breaks in history. This is a new country, but we are an old race; we brought the old world with us in our memories or we should have been poor indeed. Homer recalled to the Greeks the fading memories of Asia, Virgil reminded the Romans of the days and deeds on the plains of Troy; Irving brought the imagination of an alienated people once more into touch with the traditions of their old home and their kin beyond the sea, and became the earliest interpreter of the spirit of the cosmopolitan city. His kindly and pervasive humor had as little in common with the keen, pungent New England humor as his genial and urbane spirit had with the strenuous ethical temper of New England. The rigidity of the Puritan, the concentration of the reformer, were alien to his tolerant nature. The intense feeling for the locality, the emphasis on the section, characteristic of the South from an early period, were equally alien to him. He was a true child of the metropolis; tolerant in temper because he was on easy terms with many different races, urbane and gracious because he had found virtue in many kinds of men; charm in many kinds of women, and sincerity in many kinds of religion; with a vein of deep and tender feeling running through his nature and his work, but always relieving the strain of emotion with that touch of humor which makes men kin. The qualities of the cosmopolitan city were all his—urbanity of manner, breadth of view, tolerance of temper, and a kindly, easy, genial attitude toward life. There was no strain of didacticism in Irving, but there was an attitude toward life which gave his work a beautiful quality of sympathy. 'If, however,' he wrote to a friend, 'I can, by a lucky chance, in these days of evil, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care, or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sadness; if I can, now and then, penetrate the gathering film of misanthropy, prompt a benevolent view of human nature, and make my reader more in good humor with his fellow-beings and himself, surely, surely, I shall not then have written in vain.' This is the temper of a true citizen of a metropolis—a place where races meet and mingle on easy terms; slowly and often blindly, but none the less surely, through mutual comprehension and the tolerance that comes from it, defining in terms of experience the unity of the race and realizing the brotherhood of man."[1]

The interpreter of the Old World to the New, this genial man of letters was a creator of two priceless American legends and the originator of the short story, a literary form of which Americans have gained a notable mastery. Here, too, the first piece of genuine fiction appeared when Cooper, in "The Spy," broke ground for the novelists of the future. From the creation of the delightful myth of Diedrich Knickerbocker, the first of the long line of gentlemen who have gone to Albany leaving unsettled accounts in New York, to the days of Mr. Howells's "Letters Home," the cosmopolitan qualities of broad human sympathy, deep interest in human experience, and recognition of the fact that another man's conscience may be as authoritative as your own, have never passed out of our writing. In the title of the novel which is likely to stand beside "The Rise of Silas Lapham" in the judgment of posterity, Mr. Howells has happily suggested the larger meaning of New York; it is "A Hazard of New Fortunes."

The later novelists have not failed to notice and report the picturesque aspects of the metropolis; Mr. Matthews especially has emphasized the towering lines which it shows as one approaches it along the great waterways, the flashing of myriad lights from the great buildings at night, the clouds of steam which float, mingling and commingling, over the city, and give it a touch of mysterious and ethereal beauty.

The genius and the place of New York in the modern world are so clearly disclosed in this brief recital of significant passages in its history that he who runs may read. The very conformation of the harbor seems like a symbol of hospitality. Two converging lines of coast lead to it from the vastness of the sea, and so uniform is the shelving of the coast for a hundred miles in either direction that the ship can find her way on the blackest night, in the densest fog, with no other guide than the plummet. Inside the water gate what a spacious refuge! No one can come up from the sea, with the richest memories of Europe behind him, and not feel the charm which resides in the noble molding of the harbor lines, the beauty of its framing of hills, the half-veiled vision of the new world of toil and wealth and unlimited resource which rises before the imagination as the group of cities defines itself and the great bridge swings in air between them.

In no other city do the tides of life mingle with such a sweep and in such a volume. New York is not one city; it is many cities, under one government. Once a Dutch city, a French city, an English city, it has become a German, Irish, Italian, Russian, Polish, Armenian, Syrian city. The eighteen languages spoken here in colonial times have grown to sixty-six languages and dialects; in one school in the Syrian district of the city twenty-nine languages and dialects are spoken. And the incoming tide has risen to such a height that thoughtful men are asking whether so many strangers bred in such diverse faiths and habits of life can be so rapidly housed in American ideas and clothed with American associations.

---

[1] "Backgrounds of Literature," by Hamilton W. Mabie. The Outlook Company, New York.

Here, too, from all parts of the country, flows the refluent wave of those who, having come to great and often sudden prosperity, seek the ampler spending ground of the metropolis. These are the people for whom our theaters are multiplied; for whom immense apartment-houses are built; above all, these are the people who shine resplendent in gorgeous apparel in the most obtrusively magnificent of our hotels. One of the chief functions of New York in recent years has been to furnish the United States of America with adequate opportunities of spending its money, and to give it expert assistance in the process. The metropolis has become a school for the education of untrained provincial millionaires, who come here in great numbers from all parts of our vast country, bringing their local customs with them. And it is the hard fate of New York to be judged by the manners and bearing of its guests; the journals of civilization in remote quarters holding up their hands in horror over the extravagance of those who have come to us from their own neighborhoods. Placed where the sea brings throngs of immigrants from the western limits of Ireland, to those remote and vague distances where "the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the bay," and where the rivers and railways bring in throngs of highly pecunious immigrants from that vast central plain over which the smoke of Chicago hangs as the cloud once hung over another city of the plain; from the upper reaches of the Mississippi; from Denver, modest and shy metropolis of the mountain region; from San Francisco, feverish with dreams of the time when the Atlantic shall be an abandoned waterway; and from the South, hospitable, generous, lovable, with just a touch of condescension in its manner toward us; placed, I say, where all these tides meet and mingle, is it strange that New York is difficult to govern, to understand, to define?

It is easy to put one's hand on the defects and vices of the commercial age and spirit. The feudal period was far more picturesque, the period of the monarchy far more splendid, to the eye. The world is a more crowded and a much noisier place than it was in the days when Warwick Castle and those desolate piles on the Rhine were built, in the days when Louis the Magnificent planned his vast palaces. But the whole of life does not reside in the things which comfort and delight the eye, precious as they are. Behind those apparitions of what seems, through the mist of years, a better time, what misery of body, what wretchedness of condition, what bondage of the spirit! They cost too much, those old refinements and splendors. France starved and went in rags, and men became wild and greedy as animals, that the stately pageant of Versailles might be played for a few inglorious years. And the pageant itself, studied closely, reveals a moral squalor, a poverty of spiritual ideas, a lack of nobility, which invest it to-day with an air of tragic mockery. The charm of the old order was bought at too great a price of enforced sacrifice of opportunity, health, education, that freedom of the spirit without which, in the finest trappings, men are puppets or slaves. The old order is harmoniously beautiful, largely because our ignorance of the thousand details of condition and habit which environed it hides its ugly aspects from us; and its best things were paid for by those who could not share them.

The commercial age, on the other hand, enfolds us so closely that no man can understand its ultimate significance or foresee its final development. That it is provisional and not permanent, a stage and not the ultimate form of social organization, is, however, the inevitable conclusion of the student of history and of social science. One thing is clear—it is a far more inclusive ordering of men in social relations than has been known before. Selfish as it is, it opens more doors, makes more opportunities, offers more kinds of help, cares more and does more for all men, than any earlier ordering of society in antiquity or in the Middle Age.

It is far too soon to pass judgment on the significance of the commercial age and the soundness and value of democracy; the modern world is so complex and vast that it behooves us to study it more clearly and speak of it less confidently. When one realizes the depth and vastness of the movement of life, the mystery out of which it flows and in which it loses itself, the clouds that gather and pass above it, the roar and tumult that attend it, the comparison of civilization with civilization on the basis of the relative production of books and pictures at any particular period, of dress and manners and social habit in any given country, seems pitifully inadequate. In three hundred years it may be possible to reach some conclusion about the real meaning of commercialism and democracy; to-day one can only be sure that society is being reorganized in a more inclusive way, that governments rest on a broader base, that the free expression of every man's personality becomes every decade more complete, and that men are learning to live together in all the ways of thought and of action.

Of these dominant forces of modern life, New York is the product. It has its full share of crudity, vulgarity, and selfishness; it is rich also in aspiration, refinement, distinction of aim and manner. It is a cosmopolitan city in its liberality, its tolerance, its comprehension of the vast variety of human experience, its sympathy with the manifold objects of human interest, its hospitality to the faiths, the traditions, the races of mankind.

There have been cosmopolitan cities since the days when a Greek dynasty ruled in Alexandria, and Jewish and Oriental teachers taught all manner of ancient learning on the banks of the Nile; but never before have so many races met and ruled together, without race, religious, or class distinctions, as in New York. Here is being formed the city of the future; for the future is to be the common possession of all men on a basis of equality of opportunity. Here, some of us venture to believe, is being worked out, on a great scale, in much tumult, confusion, and uncertainty, but with an irresistible drift at the bottom, that problem of setting all men free to be and to do which will ultimately evoke the highest in human character and achievement.

Judgment

By Vida D. Scudder

(A fresco over the tomb of Uberto de' Bardi in Santa Croce, Florence.)

Here press no thronging bodies from a ground
Heavy with harvest: mid a waste of stone
Thou dost arise, Uberto, small, alone—
Earth from the earth; gray solitude around
Enfolds thee; in thy face we see the sound
Of yon last trump, by lofty angels blown,
That summons thee to meet a doom unknown—
Eternity, or cursed or glory-crowned!

Yet seek'st thou not thy Judge's countenance,
Bending above thee, by one wistful glance;
For awe-struck dost thou scan a mystery
Which all thy earthly years revealèd not:
At last, at last, thine own soul dost thou see;
Thy fate, our world, and Time, thou hast forgot.

Spring Cleaning

By George S. Wasson

Author of "Cap'n Simeon's Store," etc., etc.

CAP'N PELATIAH KENTLE dropped heavily into his usual chair at the store one muggy night in April and drew a long breath of relief.

"There you!" said he, producing pipe and tobacco, "I ain't noways sorry it's come night-time ag'in. Our folks to home is all givin' it to her a-house-cleaning the very wusst way just now, and things is nigh a complete wrack up there, so's there's no airthly place left to stand or set, ary one. It ain't I don't love to see things fixed up ship-shape inside of folkses' houses, for I do *so*, and allus done so, as long's they don't turn to a-titrivatin' and finnifyin' their places up so ter'ble spick and span nobody dassent take no manner of comfort living inside of 'em. It's sich works that allus makes out to rasp me up, like."

"I'll shake hands 'long of ye on that 'ere, any day, Cap'n Pelly!" declared Asa Fairway, evidently also a homeless wanderer for the time being on account of spring cleaning. "Seems 's though I could put up with 'most anything in reason, but, set-fire! you come to take it in the spring o' the year, and it doos appear as ef the women-folks run this cleanin'-up business chock into the ground!"

"Oh, things has allus got to be swep' and scrubbed up about once in every so often, of course; that's all right and proper," said Cap'n Kentle. "Same time, as you say, Asy, I don't see no call for the women-folks to take and heave every namable thing bottom up, same's they will. My way, though, in the spring o' the year is jest to turn to and give 'em plenty o' slack quick 's ever they git the notion, and let 'em go it full tilt. All the way ever a man can make shift to git along them times is jest to let 'em take holt in good shape and have it out, so's to be done with it."

"Set-fire, yes!" Asa agreed. "You hain't need try to buck ag'in women-folks them times! You got to up hellum and make a fair wind of it soon's ever they take this 'ere scrubbin'-up notion springtimes!"

"My folks is consid'ble docyle, though, to what some on 'em is in this matter of cleanin' up, and I dunno's I'd ought to complain any great," continued Cap'n Pelly. "Of course, soon's ever they once git started in at spring cleaning in good shape, you've got to stand from under, as the old feller says; but, barrin' them spells, I cal'late we take our comfort up there to my place about as good as the next ones. When I cast my eye down the road apiece, and see folks so tormented neat and pertikler that they turn to and shet up every plaguey room they got in the house, without it's maybe the kitchen, so's the men-folks has to git outdoors and live same's a cat un'neath a barn, why I don't feel like making no great hue and cry when our folks commence one of these little spurts of theirn in the spring o' the year.

"Now, you come to take Noah Grommet, we'll say. Noah, he's allus been a stiddy-goin', hard-workin' creatur' as ever drawed breath, and there ain't a handsomer little place to this whole Harbor than what his is—not a one anywheres 'round here; but what I look at is jest like this: doos he appear ever to take a grain of comfort there to home? Lemme jest take and tell ye a little mite of experience of my own down there one time. 'Twas the year after he lost the old 'Fairdealer' on Boon Islant Ledge, and quit goin', you rec'lect. My errant was to see ef I could make ary trade for her mainmast and some of the rest part o' the wrack stuff, though that ain't neither here nor there. Seems 's though the time I got there his folks was right in the very thick of spring cleanin', and, accordin' to all tell, they allus have a master long drag at it, too."

"Scand'lous pertikler, Noah's woman

is, I've allus heard say," said Asa Fairway.

"Oh, for sure she is," the Cap'n went on. "Real nice, clever soul Mis' Grommet is, I guess, and a grand good neighbor, and all that; can't be beat, but one o' these reg'lar built drivers, ye see, and I cal'late the most pertikler woman about the house that ever growed sence Adam was an oakum-boy. It's some singular, too, when you come to look right at it, how in tunkett it is that, with one stiddy jump and dig, tooth and nail, ag'in dirt all the rest-part of the time, jest sich folkses' houses are allus the ones to come in for the wusst overhaulin' in the spring o' the year! Wouldn't any one nach'ally supposen spring cleanin' couldn't amount to no great sight with them kind?"

"Set-fire, yes! Any one would supposen," Asa said; "but that ain't the way the thing works, by a jugful! There's allus got to be jest so much of a rinktum, anyways, before it's time for horn-bugs and summer boarders to strike."

"It doos beat all!" said Cap'n Kentle. "What I was comin' at, though, is this 'ere. I goes up to the back kitchen door there to Noah's that time, and knocked. She stood ajar like, so's I got a good strong whiff of paint and varnish the fust thing, and I see everything inside shinin' same's a fiddle. Mis' Grommet, she was jest giving her stove proper old bungo with the blackin'-brush, and, honest Injun, you! I'll bate a polluk I could have shaved me easy by ary one o' them stove-kivers, they was that much rubbed down!

"'Noah to home anywheres 'round?' s' I.

"'Yes, guess so,' says his woman. 'I think's likely you'll run acrosst him out back o' the wood-house, there. He's been down to his weir all the mornin',' says she, 'and I wouldn't allow him inside here a-smokin' and sheddin' his herring-scales around under foot on no account!' s' she.

"Well, I went out 'round amongst them out-buildings there, and hollered quite a few times afore ever I raised a yip from nobody. All to once the door of the old hen-house was hove open, and there stood Noah, with his hair all tousled up, rubbin' his eyes with both fists.

"'Step right in out o' the wet!' s' he. 'Guess I must lost myself for a secont or two,' s' he. 'Here's where I hang out mostly now'days,' s' he, 'in room of messin' up things inside there for the women-folks.'

"Seems 's though they give up keepin' hens some little time sence, and I'll be jiggered ef Noah hadn't turned to and rigged him up a room in that 'ere dylaporated old caboose. He'd piecened out himself a bunk on one side, and sot him up a stove in the corner, and hove some burlaps down under foot, with a couple of old wracked chairs, so's he allowed he'd a sight lievser stop out there daytimes than not to."

"I want to know!" exclaimed Asa Fairway. "I've heard it talked 'round them women-folks had swep' and scrubbed the pore creatur' right plumb outdoors, but I cal'lated 'twa'n't nothin' only so much gossup-talk. Want to know ef they've r'ally drove him chock into the hen-house?"

"Yes, sir, it's a fact they have *so!*" declared Cap'n Kentle. "That's jest where he's finally fetched up to, and no place else! Says he ain't hardly knowed what real comfort was like afore, not sence he was goin' in the old 'Fairdealer.' You see, he can set out there, ye know, and smoke same's a chimbly ef he wants, or lay down ef he takes a notion, and jest take his comfort everyways. He says there ain't no paint nor plaster to git smoked up, nor oilcloths to be scratched, nor longes to hurt, nor yit tidies and sich-like chicken-fixin's to rumple up, he says, and so that's where him and the boys put in the heft of their spare time, readin' and playin' checkers, and doing jest eggsac'ly anything they want, without no words nor hendrance. I says to him that time, 'Noah,' s' I, 'your folks will prob'ly soon be through with this 'ere pertikler spurt, and then you'll be fixed all tanto in the house again.'

"'Oh, well, there, you!' s' he, 'good land!' s' he. 'For the matter o' that, ef 'twas only jest springtimes sich works was going on, I'd haul my jib to weather a grain, and cal'late to jog through it kind of easy like; but the way 'tis,' s' he, ' we're all tore out and at sixes and sevens more'n half the time gittin' things fixed up so pizen neat nobody dassent scursely set down inside the house for all the rest-part o' the time!' "

" Sho now!" cried Asa, " that looks to me a good deal like rubbin' of it in, and no mistake! I never'll make no more talk about our folks having their little set-to springtimes, now that's a fact!"

" I ruther guess, Asy," Cap'n Kentle said, " ef the truth was known, you and me ain't as bad off as we might be, and resk it! I got nothin' against neatness—fur from it. Things had ought to be kep' up neat and tidy ashore, same's aboard vessel. I tell my youngest little gal there, I want she should allus be real neat about the house, but I says to her t'other day, ' Clarry,' s' I, ' ef ever you grow up and git yourself a husband you set much of anything by, keep things good and clean and neat everyways, but same time,' s' I, ' don't never git to be so *pizen* neat, for fear he'll wisht himself further!"

The Warfare

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

When, oh when, thou goest out to battle
  Against thine enemies—long since one said,
The glory of the mount still round his way—
  A people more than thou, be not afraid,
For the Lord thy God is with thee in that day.

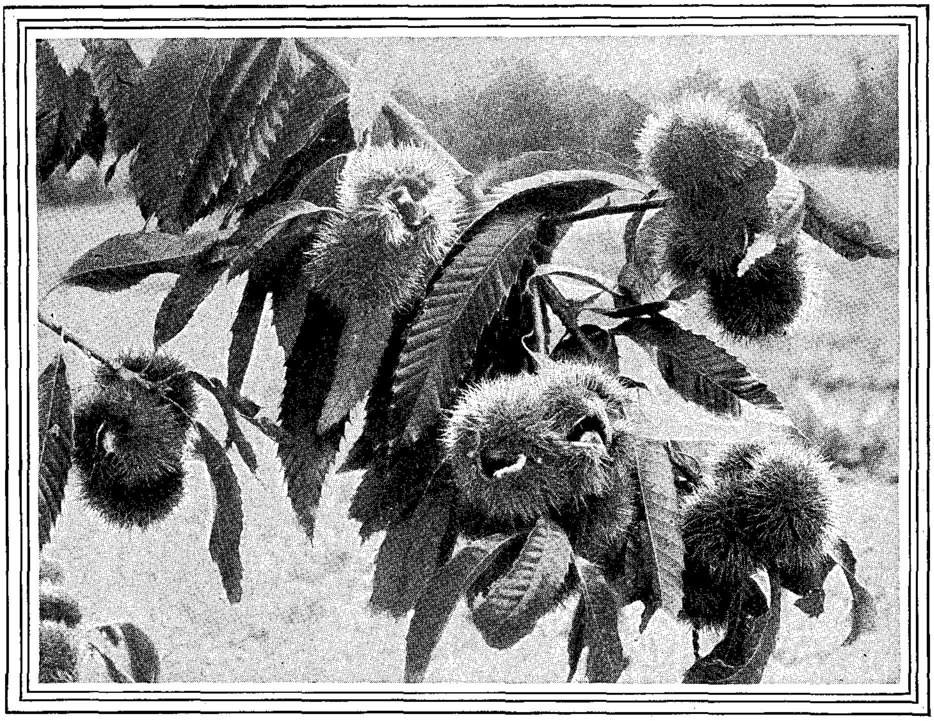
Thinkest that thou goest now to battle
  Scythes of chariots, and horse, and spears,
Panoply of armored legions? Nay,
  Concern thyself with no remembered fears,
The Lord thy God is with thee in this day!

Nay, the squadrons thou shalt go to battle
  With great power beside thee are not those
Flashing-sabered, clothed in war's array.
  Things invisible are these thy foes—
But the Lord thy God is with thee in this day!

Things unguessed thou goest out to battle—
  Subtle envyings, and pleasant lies,
Laughing malice with his swift sword-play.
  Fighting though the sun be in thine eyes,
Know the Lord thy God is with thee in this day!

Swarming sins thou goest out to battle,
  Formless clouds of languorous ease and rust,
Bickerings, slanderings, and love of sway,
  Love of treasure, too, and broken trust—
May the Lord thy God be with thee in that day!

Mortal sins thou goest out to battle,
  Monsters shapen out of thine own breath,
Traitorous senses, oh, the very clay
  Thou art made of! Fight then to the death,
For the Lord thy God is with thee in this day!



THE OPENING BURRS OF THE SWEET CHESTNUT

Nut-Bearing Trees

By J. Horace McFarland

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

WHAT memories of chestnutting parties, of fingers stained with the dye of walnut hulls, and joyous tramps afield in the very heart of the year, come to many of us when we think of the nuts of familiar knowledge! Hickory nuts and butternuts, too, perhaps hazelnuts and even beechnuts—all these American boys and girls of the real country know. In the far South, and, indeed, reaching well up into the middle West, the pecan holds sway, and a majestic sway at that, for its size makes it the fellow of the great trees of the forest, worthy to be compared with the chestnut, the walnut, and the hickory.

But it has usually been of nuts to eat that we have thought, and the chance for palatable food has, just as with some of the best of the beautiful so-called "fruit" trees—all trees bear fruit!—partially closed our eyes to the interest, beauty, and even majesty of some of these nut-bearers.

My own tree acquaintance has proceeded none too rapidly, and I have been—and am yet—as fond of the toothsome nuts as any one could be who is not a devotee of the new fad that attempts to make human squirrels of us all by a nearly exclusive nut diet. I think my regard for a nut tree as something else than a source of things to eat began when I came, one hot summer day, under the shade of the great walnut at Paxtang. Huge was its trunk and wide the spread of its branches, while the richness of its foliage held at bay the strongest rays of the great luminary. How could I help admiring the venerable yet lusty old tree, conferring a present benefit, giving an instant and restful impression of strength, solidity, and elegance, while promising as well, as its rounded green clusters hung far above my head, a great crop of delicious nut-fruit when the summer's sun it was so fully absorbing should have done its perfect work!

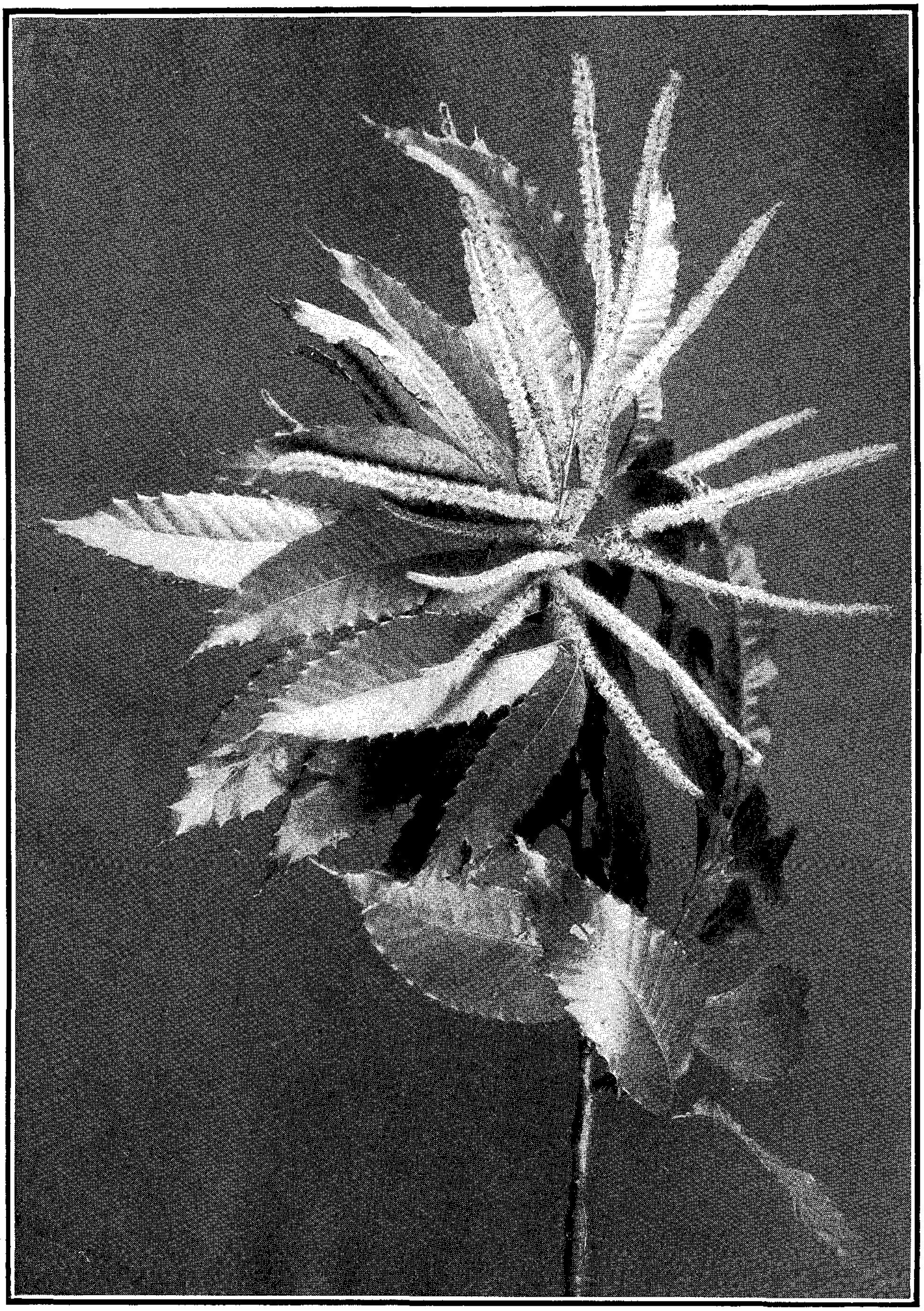
Alas for the great black walnut of Paxtang! It went the way of many another tree monarch whose beauty and living usefulness were no defense against sordid vandalism. In the course of time a suburb was laid out, including along its principal street, and certainly as its principal natural ornament, this massive tree, around which the Indians who roamed the "great vale of Pennsylvania" had probably gathered in council. The sixty-foot "lot," the front of which the tree graced, fell to the ownership of a man who, erecting a house under its beneficent protection, soon complained of its shade. Then came a lumber prospector, who saw only furniture in the still flourishing old black walnut. His offer of forty dollars for the tree was eagerly accepted by the Philistine who had the title to the land, and although there were not wanting such remonstrances as almost came to a breaking of the peace, the grand walnut ended its hundreds of years of life to become mere lumber for its destroyers! The real estate man who sold the land really loved the tree himself, realizing also its great value to the suburb, and had never for one moment dreamed that the potential vandal who bought the tree-graced parcel of ground would not respect the inherent rights of all his neighbors. He told me of the loss with tears in his eyes and rage in his language; and I have never looked since at the fellow who did the deed without reprobation. More than that, he has proven a theory I hold—that no really good man would do such a thing after he had been shown the wrong of it—by proving himself as tricky in business as he was disregardful of the rights of the tree and of his neighbors.

This black walnut is a grand tree from any point of view, even though it so fully absorbs all water and fertility as to check other growth under its great reach of branches. The lines it presents to the winter sky are as rugged as those of the oak, but there is a great difference. And this ruggedness is held far into the spring, for the black walnut makes no slightest apparent effort at growth until all the other trees are greening the countryside. Then with a rush come the luxuriant and tropical compound leaves, soon attaining their full dignity. The walnut's flowers I have missed seeing, I am sorry to say, while registering a mental promise not to permit another season to pass without having that pleasure.

Late in the year the foliage has become scanty, and the nut-clusters hang fascinatingly clear, far above one's head, to tempt the climb and the club. The black walnut is a tree that needs our care, for furniture fashion long used its close-grained, heavy, handsome wood as cruelly as the milliners did the herons of Florida from which were torn the "aigrets" now happily "out of style." Though walnut furniture is no longer the most popular, the deadly work has been done, for the most part, and but few of these wide-spread old forest monarchs yet remain. Scientific forestry is now providing, in many plantings in many places, another "crop" of walnut timber, grown to order, and using waste land; and this is beneficent and proper work. I must not be understood as objecting to the economic uses of trees; for the science of forestry provides successfully for both timber and beauty.

The butternut, or white walnut, has never seemed so interesting to me, nor its fruit so palatable, probably because I have seen less of it. The so-called "English" walnut, which is really the Persian walnut, is not hardy in the eastern part of the United States, and, while a tree of vast commercial importance in the far West, does not come much into the view of a lover of the purely American trees.

Of the American sweet chestnut as a delightful nut-fruit I need say nothing more than that it fully holds its place against "foreign intervention" from the East, even though these European and Japanese chestnuts with their California-bred progeny give us fruit that is much larger, and borne on trees of very graceful habit. No one with discrimination will



THE BLOOM OF THE SWEET CHESTNUT

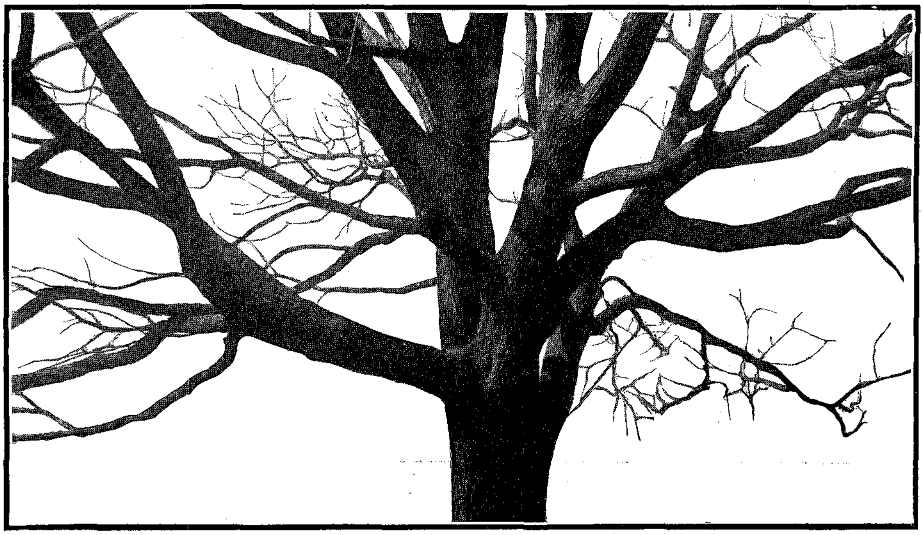
for a moment hesitate, after eating a nut of both, to choose cheerfully the American native as best worth his commendation, though he may come to understand the food value, after cooking, of the chestnuts used so freely in parts of Europe.

As a forest tree, however, our American sweet chestnut has a place of its own. Naturally spreading in habit when growing where there is room to expand, it easily accommodates itself to the more cramped conditions of our great woodlands, and shoots upward to light and air, making rapidly a clean and sturdy stem. What a beautiful and stately tree it is! And when, late in the spring, or indeed right on the threshold of summer, its blooming time comes, it stands out distinctly, having then few rivals in the eye of the tree-lover. The locust and the tulip are just about done with their floral offering upon the altar of the year when the long creamy catkins of the sweet chestnut spring out from the fully perfected dark-green leaf-clusters. Peculiarly graceful are these great bloom heads, high in the air, and standing nearly erect instead of hanging down as do the catkins of the poplars and the birches. The odor of the chestnut flower is heavy, and is best far above in the great tree, where it may mingle with the warm air of June, already bearing a hundred sweet scents.

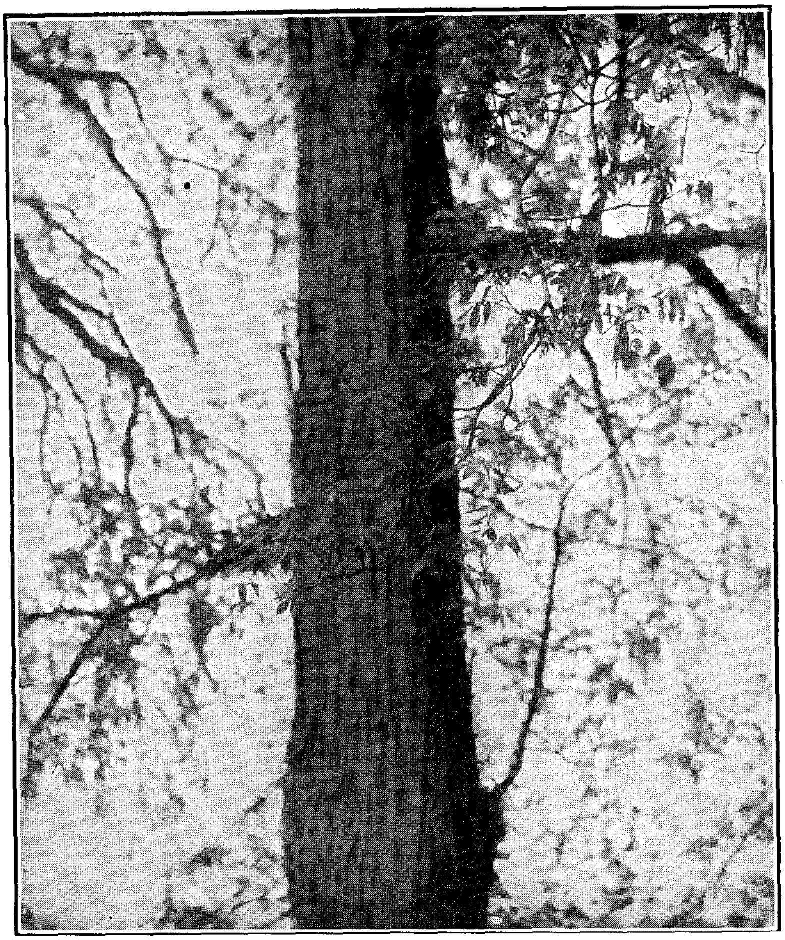
There stands in my remembrance one golden June day when I came through a gateway into a wonderful American garden of purely native plants maintained near Philadelphia, the rock-bound drive guarded by two clumps of tall chestnuts, one on either side, and both in full glory of bloom. There could not have been a more beautiful, natural, or dignified entrance, and it was just as beautiful in the early fall, when the deep green of the oblong toothed leaves had changed to clear and glowing yellow, while the flowers had left their perfect work in the swelling and prickly green burrs which hid nuts of a brown as rich as the flesh was sweet.

Did you, gentle reader, ever saunter through a chestnut grove in the later fall, when the yellow had been browned by the frosts which brought to the ground alike leaves and remaining burrs? There is something especially pleasant in the warmth of color and the crackle of sound on the forest floor as one really shuffles through chestnut leaves in the bracing November air, stooping now and then for a nut perchance remaining in the warm and velvety corner of an opened burr.

Here in Pennsylvania, and south of Mason and Dixon's line, there grows a delightful small tree, brother to the chestnut, bearing especially sweet little nuts which we know as chinquapins. They are darker brown, and the flesh is very white, and rich in flavor. I could wish



THE WIDE SPREAD OF THE BLACK WALNUT

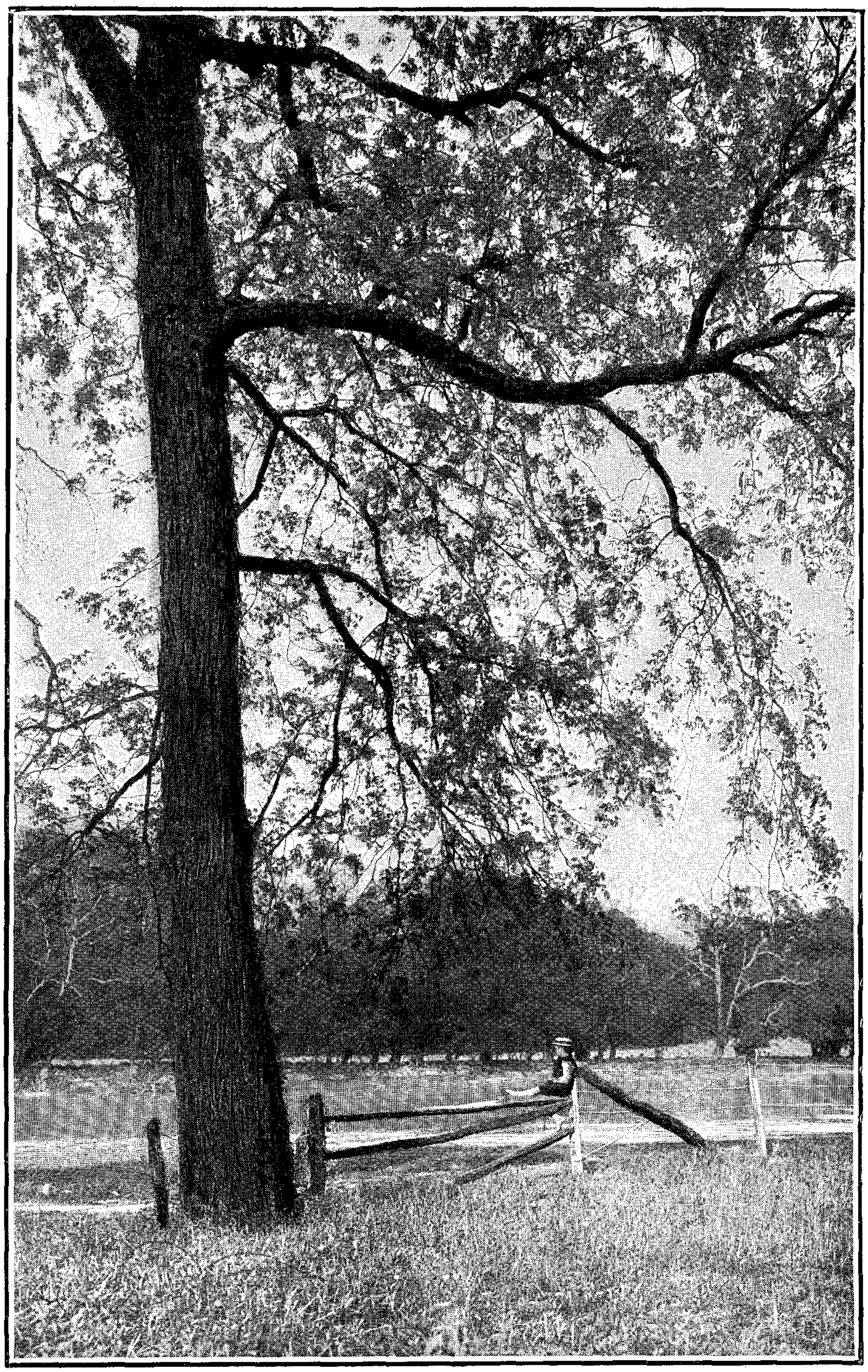


BLOOMS OF THE SHAGBARK HICKORY

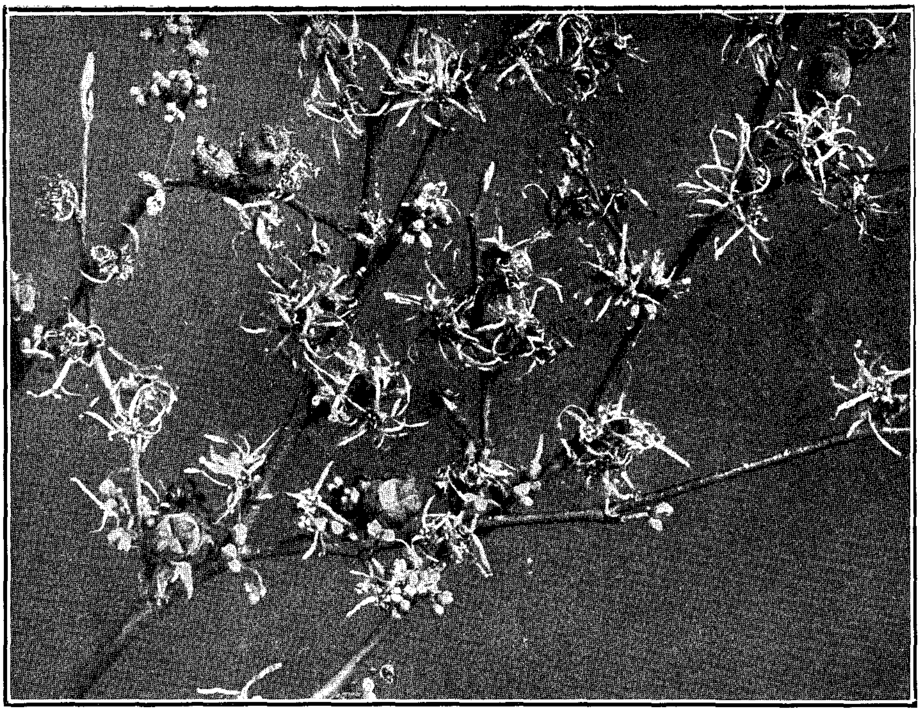
that the chinquapin as well as the chestnut was included among the trees that enlightened Americans would plant along roadsides and lanes, with other fruit trees; the specific secondary purpose, after the primary enjoyment of form, foliage, and flower, being to let the future passer-by eat freely of that fruit provided by the Creator for food and pleasure, and costing no more trouble or expense to the planter than the purely ornamental trees.

Both chestnut and chinquapin are beautiful ornamental trees; and some of the newer chestnut hybrids, of parentage between the American and the European species, are as graceful as the most highly petted lawn trees of the nurserymen. Indeed, the very same claim may be made for a score or more of the standard fruit trees, alike beautiful in limb tracery, in bloom, and in the seed-coverings that we are glad to eat; and some time we will be ashamed not to plant the fruit trees in public places, for the pleasure and the refreshing of all who care.

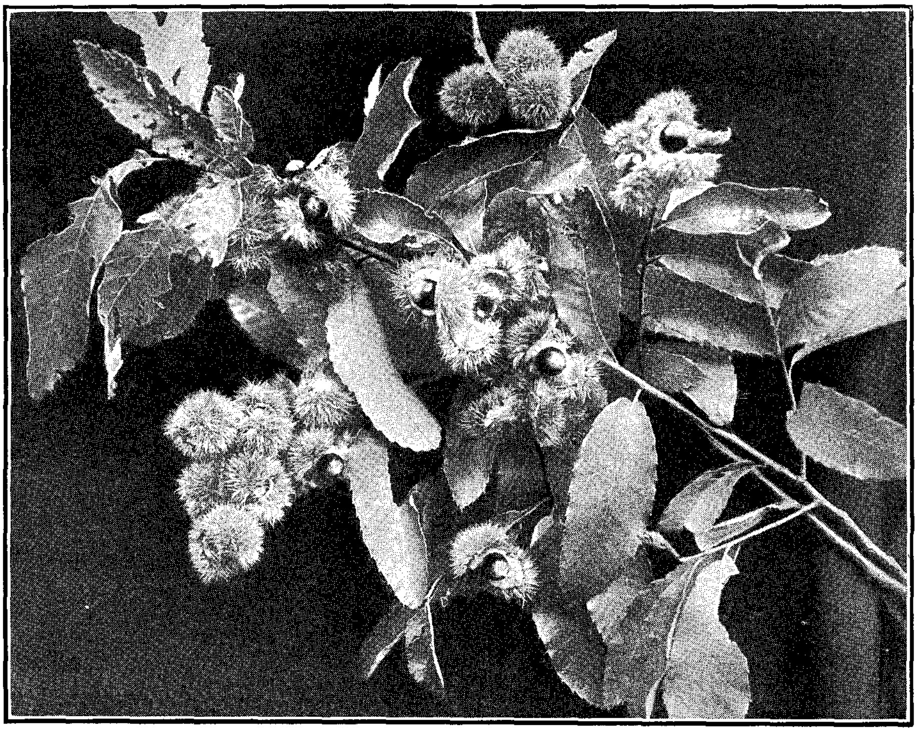
One of the commonest nut trees, and certainly one of the most pleasing, is the hickory. There are hickories and hickories, and some are shellbarks, while others are bitter-nuts or pig-nuts. The form most familiar to the Eastern States is the shagbark hickory, and its characteristic upright trees, tall and finely shaped, never wide-spreading as is the chestnut under the encouragement of plenty of room and food, are admirable from any standpoint. There is a lusty old shagbark in Wetzel's Swamp that has given me many a pleasant quarter-hour, as I have stood at attention before



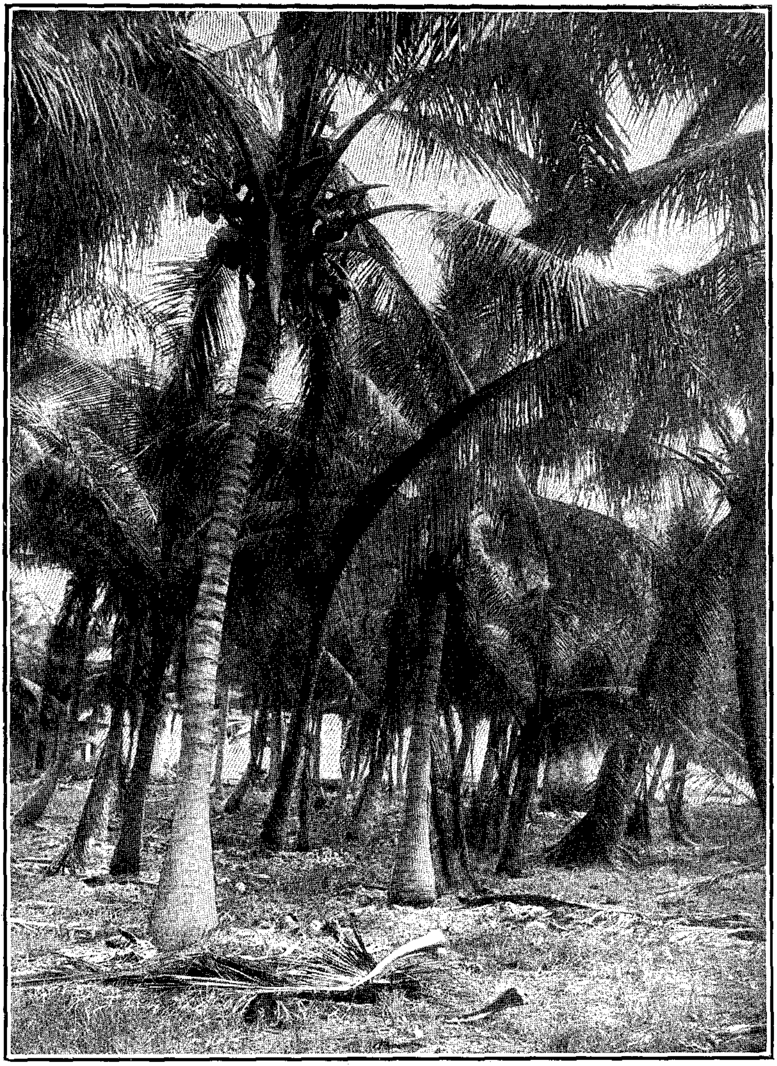
AN OLD SHAGBARK HICKORY



FLOWERS AND FRUITS OF THE WITCH-HAZEL



THE CHINQUAPIN



COCOANUTS ON AMERICAN SOIL

its symmetrical stem, hung with slabs of brown bark that seem always just ready to separate from the trunk.

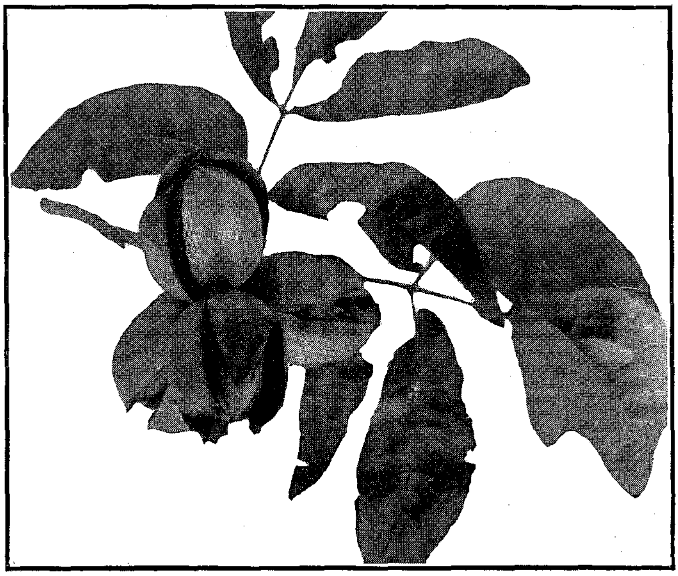
The aspect of this tree is reflected in its very useful timber, which is pliant but tough, requiring less " heft " for a given strength, and bending with a load easily, only instantly to snap back to its position when the stress slackens. Good hickory is said to be stronger than wrought iron, weight for weight; and I will answer for it that no structure of iron can ever have half the grace, as well as strength, possessed and freely displayed by this same old shagbark of the lowlands near my home.

Curious as I am to see the blooms of the trees I am getting acquainted with, there are many disappointments to be endured, as when the favorite tree under study is reached a day too late, and I must wait a year for another opportunity. It was, therefore, with much joy that I found that a trip carefully timed for another fine old hickory along the Conodoguinet—an Indian-named stream of angles, curves, many trees, and much beauty—had brought me to the quickly passing bloom feast of this noble American tree. The leaves were about half grown and half colored, which means that they displayed an elegance of texture and hue most pleasing to see. And the flowers—there they were, hanging under the twigs in long clusters of what I might describe as ends of chenille, if it were not irreverent to compare these delicate greenish catkins with anything man-made!

This fine shagbark was kind to the camera-man, for some of its lower branches drooped and hung down close enough to the "bars" of the rail fence to permit the photographic eye to be turned on them. Then came the tantalizing wait for stillness! I have frequently found that a wind, absolutely unnoticeable before, became obtrusively strong just when the critical moment arrived, and I have fancied that the lightly hung leaflets I have waited upon fairly shook with merriment as they received the gentle zephyr entirely imperceptible to my heated brow, but vigorous enough to keep them in easy motion. Often, too—indeed nearly always—I find that after exhausting my all too scanty stock of patience, and making an "exposure" in despair, the errant blossoms and leaflets would settle down into perfect immobility, as if to say, "There! don't be cross—we'll behave," when it was too late.

But the shagbark was at last good to me, and I could leave with the comfortable feeling that I was carrying away a little bit of nature's special work, a memorandum of her rather private processes of fruit-making, without injuring any part of the inspected trees. It has been a sorrow to me that I have not seen that great hickory later in the year, when the clusters of tassels have become bunches of husk-covered nuts. To get really acquainted with any tree, it should be visited many times in a year. Starting with the winter view, one observes the bark, the trend and character of the limbs, the condition of the buds. The spring opening of growth gives rapid changes, of both interest and beauty, to be succeeded by the maturity of summer, when, with the ripened foliage overhead, everything is different. Again, when the fruit is on, and the touch of Jack Frost is baring the tree for the smoother passing of the winds of winter, there is another aspect. I have great respect for the tree-lover who knows unerringly his favorites at any time of the year, for have I not myself made many mistakes, especially when no leaves were at hand as pointers? The snow leaves nothing to see but the cunning framework of the tree—tell me, then, is it ash, or elm, or beech? Which is sugar-maple, and which red, or sycamore?

One summer walk in the deep forest, my friend the doctor, who knows many things besides the human frame, was



PECANS

puzzled at a sturdy tree bole, whose leaves far overhead mingled so closely with the neighboring greenery of beech and birch that in the dim light they gave no help. First driving the small blade of his pocket-knife deep into the rugged bark of the tree in question, he withdrew it, and then smelled and tasted, exclaiming, "Ah, I thought so; it *is* the wild cherry!" And, truly, the characteristic prussic-acid odor, the bitter taste, belonging to the peach and cherry families, were readily noted; and another Sherlock Holmes tree fact came to me!

Of other hickories I know little, for the false shagbark, the mocker-nut, the pignut, and "sich" have not been disclosed to me often enough to put me at ease with them. There are to be more tree friends, and more walks with the doctor and the camera, I hope!

We of the full North, as we crack the toothsome pecan, hardly realize its kinship with the hickory. It is full brother to our shellbark, which is, according to botany, *Hicoria ovata*, while the Southern tree is *Hicoria pecan*. A superb tree it is, too, reaching up amid its vigorous associates of the forests of Georgia, Alabama, and Texas to a height sometimes approximating one hundred and fifty feet. Its upright and elegant form, of a grace that conceals its great height, its remarkable usefulness, and its rather rapid growth, commend it highly. The nut-clusters are striking, having not only an interesting outline, but much richness of color, in greens and russets.

It may seem odd to include the beech under the nut-bearing trees, to those of us who know only the nursery-grown forms of the European beech, "weeping" and twisted, with leaves of copper and blood, as seen in parks and pleasure grounds. But the squirrels would agree; they know well the sweet little triangular nuts that ripen early in fall.

The pure American beech, uncontaminated and untwisted with the abnormal forms just mentioned, is a tree that keeps itself well in the eye of the woods rambler; and that eye is always pleasured by it, also. Late in winter, the light gray branches of a beech thicket on a dry hillside on the edge of my home city called attention to their clean elegance amid sordid and forbidding surroundings, and it was with anger which I dare call righteous that I saw a hideous billboard erected along the hillside, to shut out the always beautiful beeches from sight as I frequently passed on a trolley car! I have carefully avoided buying anything of the merchants who have thus set up their announcements where they are an insult; and it might be noted that these billboards are to many of like mind a sort of reverse advertising—we knew just whom *not* to buy of!

Years ago I chanced to be present at a birth of beech leaves, up along Paxton Creek. It was late in the afternoon, and our reluctant feet were turning homeward, after the camera had seen the windings of the creek against the softening light, when the beeches overarching the little stream showed us this spring marvel. The little but perfectly formed leaves had just opened, in pairs, with a wonderful covering of silvery green, as they hung downward toward the water, yet too weak to stand out and up to the passing breeze. The exquisite delicacy of these trembling little leaves, the arching elegance of the branches that had just opened them to the light, made it seem almost sacrilegious to turn the lens upon them.

Often since I have visited the same spot, in hope to see again this awakening, but without avail. The leaves show me their silky completeness, rustling above the stream in softest tree talk; the curious staminate flower-clusters hang like bunches of inverted commas; the neat little burrs, with their inoffensive prickles, mature and discharge the angular nuts—but I am not again, I fear, to be present at the hour of the leaf-birth of the beech's year.

The beech, by the way, is tenacious of its good foliage. Long after most trees have yielded their leaves to the frost, the beech keeps its summer dress, turning from the clear yellow of fall to lightest fawn, and hanging out in the forest a sign of whiteness that is cheering in the winter and earliest spring. These bleached-out leaves will often remain until fairly pushed off by the opening buds of another year.

Of the hazelnut or filbert I know nothing from the tree side, but I cannot avoid mentioning another botanically unrelated so-called hazel—the witch-hazel. This small tree is known to most of us only as giving name to a certain soothing extract. It is worthy of other attention, for its curious and delicately sweet yellow flowers, seemingly clusters of lemon-colored threads, are the very last to bloom, opening bravely in the teeth of Jack Frost. They are a delight to find, on the late fall wood rambles; and the next season they are followed by the still more curious fruits, which have a habit of suddenly opening and fairly ejaculating their seeds. A plucked branch of these fruits, kept in a warm place a few hours, will show this—another of nature's efficient methods for spreading seeds, in full operation—if one watches closely enough. The flowers and the fruits are on the tree at the same time, just as with the orange of the tropics.

Speaking of a tropical fruit, I am reminded that the greatest nut of all, though certainly not an American native, is nevertheless now grown on American soil. Some years ago a grove of lofty cocoanut palms in Yucatan fascinated me, and the opportunity to drink the clear and refreshing milk (not milky at all, and utterly different from the familiar contents of the ripened nut of commerce) was gladly taken. Now the bearing trees are within the bounds of the United States proper, and the grand trees on the Florida estate of Mr. Kirk Munroe, at Cocoanut Grove, give plenty of fruit. The African citizens of that neighborhood are well aware of the refreshing character of the "juice" of the green cocoanut, and a friend who sees things for me with a camera tells with glee how a "darky" at Palm Beach left him in his wheel-chair to run with simian feet up a sloping trunk, there to pull, break open, and absorb the contents of a nut, quite as a matter of course.

All these nut trees are only members of the great family of trees given by God for man's good, I firmly believe; for man first comes into Biblical view in a garden of trees, "pleasant to the sight, and good for food," and the city and the plain are penances for sin! That we may get to know the trees of our own Eden, this beautiful America, and, knowing them, love their Creator better, is the wish with which this sketch, imperfect as it is, is indited.

The Spirit of Harriet

By Agnes McClelland Daulton

THE day drowsed in the July sun. Heat waves were palpitating visibly upon the brick pavement, along the dusty street, and against the low white house. Tiger-lilies reared their passionate blooms upon every side, crowding their way to the edge of the walk or thrusting themselves brazenly above the pickets. The green shutters of the old house were closed, as was the front door beneath its fan transom. The rusty crape that had swung disconsolately from the handle of the bell, giving to the quaint shabbiness of the old house a touch of the dignity of death, had been removed, and it had sunken back into its dreary dreaming.

A frail little woman cowered in the side doorway resting her chin in her palm. Her dark eyes gazed unseeing as her mind pondered wearily upon the past or crept hopelessly toward the future. On the step at her feet lay Beelzebub, the cat, big, black, and sullen, blinking wickedly at the doves that cooed upon the roof.

The afternoon had slipped away into the past. The sun was sinking its crimson disk in a bank of orange clouds at the very head of High Street, for the city fathers had laid out Philamaclique directly with the points of the compass; there were no winding lanes, no delightfully crooked byways to lure your willing feet, in all the old town's length and breadth; but at the western end of High, the street dipped down a gentle hill, and behind it each night through the long summer, as back of a screen, old Sol got himself decently to bed. Over in the southwest a bank of violet clouds tinged with dingy green at the summit was silently spreading itself across the sky, broken now and then by a quivering flash that jagged it from top to bottom as if to let the glory through.

Lois, her face showing wanly above the blackness of her gown, still sat in the doorway as the twilight deepened. Beelzebub, yawning with *ennui*, had long since taken himself off to the barn. The evening silence was broken only by the mad whirring of the crickets among the lilies, and now and then by the low mutter of distant thunder.

So intent was Lois upon her own sad thoughts that she did not hear the click of the gate nor the quick step upon the walk, but turned with a start when a cheery voice broke in upon her.

"You poor, dear girl, all alone in the twilight; it's enough to give a body the rumpumples, with this storm a-brewin'."

"Oh, Marthy, how good of you to come!" cried Lois, as the newcomer, a little butter-ball of a woman, her stiff, starched calico rattling with every movement, placed upon the step a tray covered with a napkin. "The house seemed so awful I didn't have the heart to go in, but I didn't think of anybody comin'."

"Just wait a minute," went on Mrs. Read, entering the dark sitting-room. "I'm goin' to get a candle. I know just where it is, so sit still. Then I'm goin' to light the gasoline and get you a good cup of tea. I'd have been here an hour ago, but Dan's sister and the children come up to the funeral and I had to get supper. By the time I'd got them off and the dishes washed and the baby asleep, seemed as if I could scream, for I just knew you were sittin' here all alone. Seems as if Mrs. Keel might have run in, but she's that took up with her asthmy I expect she never thought of it. Granny Simmers went over to Oldtown to see that poor little Mattie Miller, and won't get back till to-morrow."

"I—I didn't expect it," faltered Lois. "Folks ain't come here much since Ma died. Harriet wasn't no hand for company, and I suppose they got out of the way."

"Then they've got to get in the way again. Now, I'm goin' to draw up that twisted-legged, and set the tray here. That tea'll be made in a jiffy as quick as the kettle boils. You might just as well make up your mind, Loie, I'm goin' to take you in hand."

"I'm sure I'll be grateful, though you ain't much older than me, Marthy. I'll be thirty-six next month, and I ain't really lived one of those years. That's what I've been thinkin' all afternoon, that I'd like to *live* a day before I die."

"Poor girl! there never was a speck of reason why you shouldn't have had a real good time. You was made for fun if ever a girl was. I just love that twinkle in your eyes when it gets ahead of the sadness, you're such a pretty woman, Lois."

"Oh, no," protested Lois, a flood of soft color mounting from chin to forehead. "Harriet was handsome; she was so big and strong, always up and comin'. She used to say I wasn't nothin' but a washed-out baby doll."

"Humph! Well, some folks think differ'nt. There, I hear that kettle boilin'. Come on," continued Mrs. Read, as she returned with the little brown teapot, a banner of steam issuing from its chipped spout. "Come on and eat a bite. I'm goin' to try this rocker, for I feel as if my feet wouldn't carry me."

"How pretty it does look, Marthy!" said Lois, as she sat down. "Too pretty for just me. My! I've laid awake nights plannin' fixin's for the house, and clothes, and a garden with sweet-smellin' things in it, and all the tigers left out. I've just loved pretty things all my life. I expect Harriet would have thought me crazy."

"Harriet!" began Mrs. Read, vehemently. "Well, it ain't right to speak ill of the dead, and I suppose she lived accordin' to her lights, but she wasn't comfortable. Now, I want you to have clothes and things like other folks."

Lois paused, with her cup half-way to her lips, and opened her eyes wide in surprise.

"Now! Oh, it's too late now! There ain't anybody to care how I look. I ain't got a friend except you and Dan and Granny Simmers—that blessed old soul loves everybody—and perhaps Lawyer Neely."

"Oh, honey, it ain't you. Everybody will be your friend now. It was Harriet; her queer, fierce ways, Beelzebub and the tiger-lilies, and—and—her hardness to you. Why, I'd liked to come often if she hadn't always made me feel my room was better than my company."

"Sister Harriet was a wonderful woman," said Lois, her voice trembling. "Ma always said she could do more work in a day than most six women, and she knew 'most as much about business as Lawyer Neely. My likin' to read and dream, and my poky ways, made her nervous. And once"—Lois's eyes fell and the color flamed in her pale cheeks, as she went on in a low voice—"once I deceived her, and she said she would never forgive or trust me again, and she didn't. She was dreadful determined when she set her head to a thing."

A vivid flash followed by a terrific crash broke in upon them, then the sudden downpour plashed upon the pavement outside.

"My sakes!" gasped Mrs. Read, as both women sprang to their feet. "What an awful clap that was, and just listen to that rain! There comes Dan after me," she continued, as the gate-latch clicked sharply, and the heavy footfalls of a man came around the house. "I knew he'd be huntin' me up."

"Hello, Loie! got anything there that belongs to me?" called Dan Read, in his rumbling bass, as he came in sight of the open door. "Just wait till I get this umbrella down. I've got something for you. Here, Marthy, come get Snicklefritz. I brought her along to take care of Loie to-night, and I've got her nightie tucked under my arm."

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Mrs. Read, taking the sleeping child from her husband's shoulder. "Whatever made you think of Amy? A baby of three won't be much company."

"She will that," replied her husband. "She's just what Loie needs to-night. You get Snicklefritz out of her little duds and cuddle down with her, Lois, and you'll sleep the sweetest you ever did in your life."

"Do you really want her, honey?" asked Mrs. Read, anxiously, as she laid her chubby burden down on Lois' bed. "Now if you don't, Dan will pack her right back."

"I'd love to, if you ain't afraid to trust her," whispered Lois, as she bent over the sleeping child. "It was just like Dan to think of it."

So after a last good-night Mr. and Mrs. Read trudged off in the wet and dark, and when the echo of their footsteps died away Lois still stood in the doorway looking after them wistfully through the slanting rain. Behind her in the house she could feel the awful stillness settle, that loud silence that presses against the heart and quickens its beating; that dreadful sense of emptiness that awaits us when a soul has taken its departure.

All through the afternoon Lois had tried to adjust herself to life alone. Harriet's fierce hold had been so strong upon her gentleness that her jostled soul, set free, shuddered and shrank from mere weakness; and yet what frightened her most and wrung her affectionate heart with remorse was a haunting sense of relief beneath her grief. She was free! Never again would those black eyes flash contempt upon her stolen happy dreams, and burn like vitriol into her inner consciousness. No longer would her life's one innocent secret be made a crime. No longer would there be days of pitiful weeping in her little room over cruel words. And yet—

"Oh, Harriet, Harriet, though you ruined my life," she moaned, "through it all I loved you. If you had cared for me ever so little, it would make it all so much easier. Forgive me that I am glad of peace. Please, God, make her understand, and help me to forget!"

As she turned to close the door, Beelzebub bounded in out of the rain, his back arched, his green eyes flashing like jewels set in jet. Pushing past her into the house, he crept cautiously about the room, peering into the shadowy corners, opening his cavernous red mouth as if to utter bitter cries, yet closing it without a sound.

"Poor Beelzebub, poor old fellow!"

cried Lois, as he crouched with his front paws upon Harriet's footstool and gazed unblinkingly into her chair, with that pitiful pantomime of grief. "Are you so lonely for her, poor old pussy?" But as she bent over him he sprang at her with a savage growl, and then vanished out of the open door into the night.

Unnerved and shaken by the cat's strange behavior, yet longing to comfort him, she stood in the open door calling, "Beelzebub, Beelzebub!" but only a mournful wail answered her, though she could see the glitter of his eyes as he crouched in the shelter of the woodshed.

Reluctantly she turned the big brass key in the lock and made ready for the night. With clumsy, unused fingers she unbuttoned Amy's shabby little shoes and pulled off the wee blue stockings; and when at last the child lay upon the pillow, her yellow curls clinging to the moist warm brow and about the apple-blossom face, Lois's sore heart had found some comfort; a woman's sixth sense, subtle and far-reaching, wrapped the baby about with an almost visible cloud of mother-love and brought healing in its wake.

The days that followed were full of interest to Lois. She found that she had come into a new world since Harriet had slipped out of the old one. The town folk, urged by Granny Simmers and Mrs. Read, called often, and the golden head of baby Amy bobbed in and out among the lilies almost every day, for she had adopted Lois as a sort of foster-mother. Beelzebub followed her about, seeming to spy upon the pretty child. He offered her no harm, but when she sweetly babbled to him in her baby tongue he arched his back, switched his great tail, and yowled at her so wickedly that she would run to Lois and hide her face upon that loving breast. But only for a moment, for butterflies and bees drifted in the sunshine and the lilies swayed with every breeze, so baby fears were soon calmed and baby joys began afresh, and only Lois watched and was afraid.

So Harriet's fierce spirit seemed to linger among the tawny lilies, and Lois found herself spiritually unable to change the house, or yard, or even her own dress. She had tried again and again to open the little box upon the bureau, where she knew her letters—that precious packet tied with a ribbon—were locked away. But with her fingers upon the key she could see the scorn in Harriet's dark eyes, could hear the scathing words and feel the bitter pain of the blow that had sent her reeling across the room. Once again she could see the savage joy in that handsome face as the letters were locked away, one by one.

"There is nothing of the sneak in me," Harriet had said. "That's the difference between us. Here is your letter, unsealed, as you see, and here I lock it away; now get it if you dare!"

How well she remembered the first blue envelope that had come to her, the first letter she had ever received. A cousin of Mrs. Read's who had heard much of pretty, gentle Lois Marsh had written to her. She was just eighteen, lonely and unfriended, for Harriet, who was ten years older, allowed her no intercourse with the young people of the town; so, upon a girlish impulse, she had replied. They were foolish, loving little letters, but to Lois's hungry heart they meant her only touch with the outside world. Perhaps that they were hidden made them seem the sweeter. But one day Harriet, bursting angrily into the little bedroom to chide her for some forgotten task, discovered her poring over them. The torrent of abuse that had fallen upon her hapless head had utterly overwhelmed and left her stunned. The one request that she be allowed to write to say good-by was turned into a goad to torture her. For a few weeks the letters continued coming, then they ceased, and Lois's one love affair was over.

Old Lawyer Neely shuffled down one day to tell Lois there was a snug little bank account left her, and so good an income from some stocks and bonds of which Harriet had kept her in absolute ignorance as to allow the indulgence of any simple whim that might be hers.

"There is no reason, Lois," he said, his old face beaming upon her benignly, "there is no reason, my child, why you shouldn't branch out a little and enjoy life. Your sister was a remarkable woman. I never knew a better head for business, and I know she wanted the money for you; but I hope you will pardon me when I tell you I can't quite think of her as a pleasant housemate. You ought not to live here alone, but have some good woman live here with you."

"Oh, please, no," cried Lois in distress. "I feel as if Harriet was still here—why, I never sit in her chair, nor move a thing of hers, and she couldn't bear strangers. Just let me wait awhile."

"Humph!" said the kindly old lawyer. "I hope you will pardon me, but Harriet is dead and gone to another home than this, and I don't believe in the prejudices of the dead pressing upon the living. Live your own life, my child, and don't grow morbid. Come, you'd better let me find some good, cheerful person to be a companion to you."

"Not just yet," begged Lois, with timid persistence.

But Lawyer Neely confided to Dan Read as they stood on the court-house steps that he didn't like the look of things.

"Seems as if that violent woman has power to reach out of the grave to torment that gentle little creature. Sometimes I think Lois has had all the spirit sapped out of her and that there is nothing left but insipid sweetness."

"Don't you believe it," protested Dan. "Lois 'll come out all right if she gets half a chance. I tell my wife that if I had my way I'd yank up every one of those lilies and kill that cussed cat, and then we'd see if we could lay the ghost. What was the matter with that woman, anyway?"

"Temper and selfishness gone to seed," replied the lawyer, dryly. "She had a nature that couldn't see gentleness without wanting to bully it. Well, she's dead and gone, but I hope the Lord will see fit to bring some happiness to that poor girl."

Lois was sitting, sewing, one day, in the side door, with Amy nursing an old doll at her feet, when Mrs. Read came bustling around the house with a tall man in her wake.

"Now, set still, Loie," she cried. "This is only Gray Trask—Cousin Gray, you know. Don't you think he has come to Philamaclique to go into business with Dan. I want you to help me to keep him from getting homesick here in Ohio, so I brought him right over to get acquainted."

Gray Trask!—as Lois laid her hand in the big, brawny one she felt that he must feel her heart beat. Gray Trask!—the color came and went in her delicate face—after all these years, the hero of her little romance stood before her!

He was very different from the tintype in the box on the bureau; this big man with the ugly, rugged face bore but little resemblance to the peachy-cheeked boy of her dreams. But the steady blue eyes were kindly, and the strong mouth was tenderly smiling.

"I've been hearing all about you, Miss Marsh." How strange it seemed to see him sitting on the stone step where Harriet had so often sat! "And I guess we are going to be first-rate friends. Martha tells me you like books and youngsters, and we'll agree perfectly on that. Ain't that so, Snicklefritz?" he asked, as he lifted that plump and gurgling person high above his head.

So he had forgotten! Lois shrank back in the doorway shocked and ashamed. Harriet had said he would always remember her as a frail creature lost to all womanly self-respect. But she, in her simple romantic heart, believed that he still loved, still dreamed of her, as she had of him through the long years of silence. They were both wrong; he had simply forgotten.

But under his genial kindness and the steady flow of his merry talk, in spite of herself, she was drawn into the whirl of it and found herself laughing with the rest. She had known so few men; his jolly nonsense with Amy seemed to her the rarest wit, his simple kindliness the most graceful courtesy.

Evening after evening found Gray Trask, accompanied by Mrs. Read or baby Amy, sitting upon the old stone step with Lois. Little by little, Lois put away the shame and restraint she had felt in his presence. He had forgotten her, and yet she thought perhaps that was as well, since she was so long past the age for love or lovers. Now the little box upon the bureau should remain unopened, for those unsealed letters belonged to the girl Lois—the Lois of the past.

But she let the sunny tendrils of soft brown hair lie upon her brow, because Mr. Trask laughingly said he liked it best so, and she even wore a knot of ribbon or a bit of lace to relieve the plainness of her gown. How she listened for the lilt of his merry whistle, the cheery roll of his laughter, and the genial kindness of his voice, she dared not confess to her own heart. It was only at night, when Beelzebub glared at her from Harriet's chair, that she hid her face in grief and shame. How Harriet would scorn her, how she would revile her weakness, and yet—he had forgotten—he would never know, and love was sweet.

"Miss Lois," cried Trask's cheery voice from the step one evening as she sat at her early tea, "I've come to take you for a drive. It's the prettiest evening you ever saw in your life. Get your hat, little woman, and come along."

"Why, Mr. Trask!" faltered Lois, the hot color rushing to her face. "Why, I've never gone out buggy-riding with a man in my born days! Sister Harriet—"

"Stuff and nonsense!" laughed Trask. "It is high time you began, then, because I expect to take you many a time. Come along, that's a good girl. Is this the thing you wear on your head?" he asked gayly, handing her the little Shaker bonnet that hung on the knob of the chair.

"Goodness me, no! That's my sunbonnet. Why, if I did go I'd have to wear that hat Marthy got me. It's turned up on the side, and got a white bow, and is so dreadful young-lookin', I didn't know if I could bring myself to it or not; but I ain't got nothing else fit—that is, if I do go."

"Go! Of course you'll go. Young-lookin'! Why, I don't know a girl that's got brighter roses than you're wearin' on your cheeks this minute. That horse ain't good at standin', so you better hurry up, Miss Lois. And you're to bring your little white shawl, Marthy said, because I may keep you out late and the dew'll be fallin'."

Some way—Lois never quite understood it herself—the bandbox was untied by the aid of Trask's clumsy fingers, the new hat fastened before the murky old mirror, and she was meekly following him as he strode before her with the little white shawl drifting over his arm.

"I do hope the neighbors ain't lookin'," whispered Lois as Trask tucked in the linen robe. "I never felt so briggity in all my life."

"Now, that's the difference between us," chuckled he. "I was just wishin' the whole town could see us set off, and for that reason we're goin' right up through the square. We'll take the Blicktown road and get out into the country, and I'm not goin' to bring you back till—well, I'll tell you that later."

"My land! You ain't goin' to drive right up past the stores, Mr. Trask?" pleaded Lois. "It's band night, and the whole town will be out."

"Why, sure," teased Trask. "I heard the boys say they was goin' to play on the court-house steps about nine, and we'll stop and take that in if we get back in time."

Lois sank back with a half sob. Her cheeks were ablaze and her eyes like stars under the turned-up hat with its white bow. She fairly held her breath as the old white horse lumbered heavily up High Street. She was so ashamed, and yet . . . and yet . . . it was so good to know he didn't care who saw them; it was so comforting to feel that, even if he had forgotten, he was proud to have her, Lois—not the girl, but the woman Lois—at his side. If only she could forget Harriet's scorn, if only she might enjoy this moment to the uttermost and let to-morrow take care of itself! Away they jogged along the shady road, across the rumbling covered bridge, past the lime-kiln, and out among the broad fields that nestled in the lovely valley.

Trask got out again and again to cut for her the tallest stems of goldenrod, the royalest of purple asters, and the reddest of turning leaves, until the old buggy would hold no more of autumn's stores. He sang for her snatches of old songs, he whistled "bob white" to the little brown quails that scurried across the road, he chirruped greetings to the horse, who lifted his old white ears in answer to every sound of that kindly voice.

The sun was sending long shafts of light across the river as the horse settled into a walk upon the level road. Then, without a word of warning, Trask put his arm about the little figure at his side and said softly:

"So my little woman thought I had forgotten."

Philamaclique was bathed in moonlight. Even the quaint old house among its dry, rustling lily-stocks—like ghosts of the copper chalices of July—grew beautiful in its silvery mystery. The clock in the Lutheran church tower was booming ten as Lois opened the gate and went up the walk. The rasping of the dry lily-stocks as her skirts brushed against them seemed full of reproof, and a shadow fell upon her happy, singing heart.

"I never was out so late in all my life," she said as she unlocked the door, glad even for the sound of her own voice. "Seems as if every blessed thing was holdin' up its hands in horror. But I'm so happy, so happy! Please, dear Lord, let me be happy. Gray loves me the same as he did when I was a girl, and we're to be married just as soon as the Doll girls can get my dress made, and I won't be alone again—never again!"

She lighted the lamp, and, taking off the gay hat, put it safely away in the bandbox, and for a long time she stood looking intently in the misty old mirror, studying the sweet, gentle face that gazed out at her. She hardly knew it, with its rose-stained cheeks, its sparkling eyes, and the happy curve of the lips; suddenly, with tear-dimmed eyes, she bent over and kissed the image in the glass.

"Poor thing!" she whispered. "There! I'll wish you joy, since you haven't got anybody else to do it! This house is so full of Harriet it chokes you, and you are gettin' scareder and scareder, and you 'most wish you hadn't said yes. But you are goin' to be happy, you poor thing!" she continued, nodding encouragement to the face in the glass. "Now go and get the box and read the letters. They're yours, all yours!"

With trembling hands she brought the little box to the twisted-legged stand, and sat down in Harriet's chair.

"Yes," she said aloud, as if addressing some one, "I know where I'm settin'. It's my house and my chair, and I'm goin' to read my letters. 'Twasn't nothing wicked what I'd done. Gray said it wasn't, and he never thought I was a bad girl, but just lovin' and trustin' like I was. He's kept my letters, too, and the tintype I took out of Ma's album, and he's loved it just like I did his."

Slowly she turned the key and raised the lid. Upon the top lay a letter addressed in her sister's angular handwriting:

"To Lois when I'm in my grave."

Lois sank back in the chair and hid her eyes, all her happiness dashed to the ground. What words of scorn had lain hidden all these months; what taunts were to reach back from that other world to cut and sting!

"I won't read it! I won't! I won't!" she moaned, then with swift passion tore open the envelope and began reading:

My Dear Lois:

I am not one of those that can ask forgiveness. I've tried and I can't; but now when the doctor tells me I've got to die I want you to know how it was with me. You don't understand me, *you never did*, but I don't blame you for that. I was just ten years old when mother laid you in my arms and told me I could have you for my baby. From that moment I loved you better than all the wide world. I loved you so I wanted you all to myself. I was jealous of everybody that came near you, and yet I felt I didn't know how to make you love me, and that made me mad and heartsick.

When I found out a boy you had never seen had stolen your heart from me in spite of all my guarding you, I felt like I could kill him. For every cruel word I spoke, for every tear you shed, I suffered a hundred times over. You were all I had and all I wanted—you and Beelzebub and the tiger-lilies—and you would have been glad to leave me for a stranger. But all this was before I knew I had to leave you alone in the world. When the doctor told me that, I felt my punishment was greater than I could bear. I'd be glad, now, glad to know you was safe with him and not alone, all alone.

I know the first thing you'll do when you come back from my funeral will be to open this box and get your letters, so I'll put this where you will see it. Oh, little sister, nobody will ever love you better than I have, not even that man, if he comes back to you, and some way I feel he will—and I hope with all my heart he will, and that you will be as happy as you deserve. You were always a good girl and I didn't mean what I said, but I was half crazy for fear I'd lose you. Try to think kindly of me and forgive me, if you can. God bless and keep you!

YOUR SISTER HARRIET.

How long Lois sat there sobbing out her forgiveness, her pity, her remorse, she never knew. Harriet loved her. Harriet hoped she would be happy with Gray when he came back to her. There was to be no blot upon her happiness. Then, as she sat there sobbing softly, in the old chair where Harriet had sat for so many years, Beelzebub stood before her, his beautiful green eyes gazing at her steadily.

"Beelzebub, Beelzebub," cried Lois, holding out her arms, "she loved me all the time, and she loved you too, dear Beelzebub."

Slowly he came to her, sprang into her lap, and, with soft voluptuous purring, curled himself down to sleep.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

American Prohibition Year-Book for 1904. Compiled by Alonzo E. Wilson. The United Prohibition Press, Chicago. 5¼×7¾ in. 96 pages. 35c.

Anthracite Coal Communities. By Peter Roberts, Ph.D. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 387 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Bacteriology of Milk. By Harold Swithinbank and George Newman, M.D., F.R.S.E., D.Ph. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6½×9¾ in. 605 pages. $8, net.

A thorough and scientific study of the bacterial contamination of milk, its source, character, and prevention. It includes chapters on technique to be followed in laboratory research, on the history of certain epidemics of disease traceable to infected milk, and on the relation of bovine to human tuberculosis. The book would be a valuable addition to any reference library for physicians or laboratory workers.

Business Education and Accountancy. By Charles Waldo Haskins, C.P.A., L.H.M. Edited by Frederick A. Cleveland, Ph.D. Harper & Bros., New York. 5¼×8½ in. 239 pages. $2, net.

Within the last two decades the profession of Accountancy has risen to rank in honor with the old professions, and the late Mr. Haskins was its founder. Accountancy is not bookkeeping, though this is adjunct to it. It is the ability to recognize financial health, and prescribe for its maintenance; to diagnose financial disease, and prescribe its remedies. The enormous expansion of modern business operations requires such men, as well as specially trained business managers. "A missionary movement," in which Mr. Haskins was a pioneer, now aims to secure "better facilities for business education." Its province is the development and direction of "the moral and intellectual powers of our future administrators of affairs." This has already become a matter of active interest in some of our higher institutions of learning, as in the New York University, where Mr. Haskins was Dean of the School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance. In this volume he describes the rise of the new profession, exhibits its possibilities and the need which it meets, and adds a history of old-time accountancy from the ancient system of Babylonia to the present-day chaos of municipal accounts in Chicago. Aside from the importance of higher commercial education in bridging the gulf between the student of economics and the practical man, its moral importance will be appreciated in view of the tendency of correct methods to check illicit expedients.

Chatham. By Arthur S. McDowall, B.A. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 228 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Chronology and Practical Bibliography of Modern German Literature (A). Compiled by John Scholte Nollen. Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago. 5½×7¾ in. 118 pages. $1.

Corner in Coffee (The). By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Illustrated. The G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 298 pages.

A lively and amusing tale of love and speculation in New York City, with a hero and heroine of mature years—Dr. Brady wants to know why only the love affairs of callow youth are supposed to interest novel readers, and his experiment proves his contention.

Educational Theory of Immanuel Kant (The). Translated and Edited by Edward Franklin Buchner, Ph.D. (Lippincott Educational Series) The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 309 pages.

Though Kant was a true child of the eighteenth century, and did not wholly escape its limitations, his vindication of some fundamental principles constitutes him an authority still to be appealed to. The present work for the first time presents in English the entirety of his views on educational problems, of which thus far only outlines have appeared in manuals on the history of education. These are given here in two parts: first, his Treatise on Pedagogy, with his Introduction to it; next, selections on education from his other writings—the whole preceded by an ample critical Introduction by the translator. Professor Buchner has performed with insight and discrimination a difficult task in a little-known but fruitful field. Kant's great service to education was, as he says, to introduce into it a supreme moral idealism. To make this paramount must effort still be directed.

Evans of Suffolk (An). By Anna Farquhar. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 408 pages. $1.50.

A wordy and languid story, too artificial in style to "take hold" on the imagination, but with some evidence of culture.

Fat of the Land (The). By John Williams Streeter. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 406 pages. $1.50.

In a straightforward way this tells of the financial and personal success of a man with capital who in middle life became a farmer on a rather large scale and managed his farm as a "business proposition" as distinguished from the hand-to-mouth fashion too common with small farmers. Just how a city doctor of fifty knew so much about scientific farming we need not inquire. In any case he had good sense, was wise enough to take "a long look ahead," and thought of some things better than money-making. There is a cheerful spirit throughout, and the book strengthens our love of the soil and of "getting close to nature."

Food and Cookery for the Sick and Convalescent. By Fannie Merritt Farmer. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 289 pages. $1.50, net. (Postage, 15c.)

Equally valuable for trained nurses and home use. The many illustrations show charmingly how attractive the serving of food may be made. There are hundreds of recipes.

Forty Songs. By Johannes Brahms. Edited by James Huneker. (The Musicians' Library.) The Oliver Ditson Co., Boston. 9×12½ in. 158 pages. $2.50.

Because Brahms is never sensational he has sometimes been called dry; because he is never lachrymose he has sometimes been called cold. This only shows how easy it is for people who are devotees of musical abandon to confuse pedantry and restraint. As in friendship so in art, emotion that is mastered and controlled is invariably the truest and most enduring. Brahms is essentially emotional. He appeals to the feelings through the sensuous expression of beauty in tone. That beauty is not diminished but rather enhanced because mated with beauty of form. No better method of learning the truth of this can well be suggested than an acquaintance, deepening into familiarity, with the songs of Brahms. As Mr. Huneker says in his introduction to this edition, Brahms is "romantic by nature," and he needs no other proof for the statement than the songs he has selected. To many who do not now know Brahms we can well imagine that the possession of this volume will mean the opening of a new realm in music.

Fugitive (The). By Ezra S. Brudno. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 392 pages. $1.50.

The story of a Jew boy born in Lithuania, the son of a man wrongfully accused of a ritual murder. The village life, the home of a Jewish family, the hero's later life in a large Russian city and his connection with Nihilists, and finally his adventures in New York, all are brought out faithfully and with a note of sincerity and honest feeling.

Heredity, Correlation, and Sex Differences in School Abilities. Edited by Edward L. Thorndike. (Columbia University Contributions to Philosophy, Psychology, and Education. Vol. XI.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9¾ in. 60 pages. 50c.

How Shall We Worship God? By Alford A. Butler, D.D. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 161 pages. 80c.

A brief popular outline of the growth of common worship among Christians leading up to "the Prayer-Book life." In tracing the development of liturgies and in setting forth the form in use in the Anglican Communion as the gathering together of all that is best in the past, the author lays emphasis on what is vital, and prizes the liturgy of his own Church because he believes it promotes a life pervaded by worship "in spirit and in truth."

James Oglethorpe: The Founder of Georgia. By Harriet C. Cooper. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 217 pages. $1, net. (Postage, 10c.)

Reserved for later notice.

Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America (A). By Daniel Williams Harmon. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 382 pages. $1, net.

"Harmon's Journal" is a curious record of life and adventure in Canada during the early years of the nineteenth century. As an agent of the old Northwest Fur Company, Daniel Harmon was a pioneer in the exploration of western Canada, wandering the length of the land from Montreal to the wilds beyond the Rocky Mountains, his travels continuing over a period of nearly twenty years. Being of a literary bent, he varied the monotony of life among the red men by keeping a diary, in which he narrated events, depicted customs and manners, and jotted notes of the flora and fauna of the country. This diary was published soon after his return to civilization, and is now reprinted in a convenient form. Apart from its historical value it contains much that is interesting, couched in quaint, old-fashioned phraseology. It was edited for its original publication by a Vermont minister, and the suggestion has been made that he is responsible for the pious reflections with which it abounds. Certainly these seem foreign to the nature of the rough-and-ready Harmon, who, by his own account, lost little time in learning to lead the life of a savage. In addition to the journal proper the reprint includes the Indian vocabulary and the several brief essays that were features of the original.

Little Garrison (A). By Fritz von der Kyrburg (Lieutenant Bilse). Translated by Wolf von Schierbrand. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 308 pages. $1.50.

This unpleasant record of army life in Germany is the book which created a widespread sensation upon its original publication, caused its author to be dismissed from the service and to undergo a term of imprisonment, and evoked acrimonious discussion in the German Parliament. Mr. von Schierbrand takes the unnecessary trouble of assuring us that the scandalous revelations herein contained have a basis in fact. Impartial observers, both at home and abroad, have long testified to the present demoralization of the German army; and that the cap fitted in this particular case was amply shown at Lieutenant Bilse's trial. We can understand why his book, as an "indictment," should have commanded attention in his native land; but we can see no valid reason for its importation into this country. As a literary production it merits no attention, being crude in conception and execution. It is peopled by repellent creatures in the form of men and women who persistently break all the commandments of the decalogue and glory in their wrong-doing. From the first to the last page it is one long-drawn-out picture of lasciviousness, drunkenness, gambling, and brutality. The translator informs us that he has omitted a number of passages "to which objections might be urged, in this country at least, on the score of clean literary taste." He might have omitted the whole work and literature would have been none the loser. It was essentially "made in Germany for Germany" and should have been left there.

Military Policy of the United States (The). By Brevet Major-General Emory Upton, U. S. A. The Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 6×9½ in. 495 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Oligarchy of Venice (The). By George B. McClellan. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.25, net.

Mayor McClellan has chosen a theme of wide interest, and it is pleasant to record that he has treated it lucidly and with discretion. In limiting the scope of his work to a survey of the policies that caused the rise and were the undoing of the Republic of Venice, he has shown the part of wisdom, for it is evident that any attempt to deal with all the phases and problems of the oligarchy would have involved not only the retilling of ground already pretty thoroughly cultivated, but the production of a work of formidable dimensions. True, Mr. McClellan does not altogether neglect the many and varied causes, other than political, that made the Republic what it was, but he loses no time in arriving at his main theme and consistently cleaving to it, and succeeds in giving his reader a clear idea of how the Venetians attained their whilom pre-eminence and how they lost it. Briefly, the Republic, as he sees it, was upbuilt by a cunningly manipulated political machine that reared a seemingly solid superstructure on the false foundation of the interests of a class rather than of the people. The vigor of citizenship was thus sapped by caste, until the national vitality so completely ebbed away that when the storm broke there was no resisting it. Terse as is his narrative, the author contrives to draw some vivid pen-pictures, and his little book is at all times readable.

Personal Reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington. By Francis, the First Earl of Ellesmere. Edited by his Daughter Alice, Countess of Strafford. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 240 pages. $3.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Samuel Chapman Armstrong: A Biographical Study. By Edith Armstrong Talbot. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 301 pages. $1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Stone of Destiny (The). By Katherine Mackay. Harper & Bros., New York. 4½×7 in. 112 pages. $1.25.

A somewhat overwritten problem story in which love, duty, and high ideals fight with materialism, temptation, and low motives. The author tries too strenuously to be subtle and eloquent.

Sporting Dog (The). By Joseph A. Graham. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 327 pages. $2, net.

This will take its place as an authority in its own field. It discusses breeding, training, and actual field work with thorough knowledge. The dog portraits are capital pictures. The handsome form given by the publisher to all the volumes of the American Sportsmen's Library has been before noted.

Universe (The): A Vast Electric Organism. By George Woodward Warder. The G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 302 pages. $1.20, net. (Postage, 12c.)

Mr. Warder believes that present science is in "a dubious and chaotic condition" and needs to be set to rights. This he undertakes with an intensity of conviction which leaves us asking with Nicodemus, "How can these things be?" We are told that the sun is not hot, that light does not come from the sun or stars, but is generated in our own atmosphere, and other things that tax robust powers of belief. It is electricity that organized the universe and sustains it, and when we have laid this wonder-worker under tribute, the age of Methuselah may come to man. These exuberant beliefs are expressed in a correspondingly exuberant style, adapted to communicate them to any impressionable reader who is not safeguarded by a healthy skepticism.

William Penn. By Augustus C. Buell. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 368 pages. $2.25, net. (Postage, 17c.)

Reserved for later notice.

Woman's Unfitness for Higher Coeducation. By Ely Van De Warker, M.D. The Grafton Press, New York. 4¾×7½ in. 225 pages. $1.25, net.

Correspondence

Russia and the United States

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In regard to the position of Russia at the time of our Spanish-American war, the "Novosti," in the last week of June, when the struggle was nearing its crisis, declared that it was full time to end a senseless and criminal war; that America must submit her pretensions to a tribunal of the Powers; that we could not avoid doing this, since our long and exposed coast line could not withstand two or three combined European fleets. In November the "Novosti" insisted that the great Powers should protest against the proposed cession of the Philippines. The "Novosti" is considered a semi-official organ, and in a Government where everything is subject to such strict censure as in Russia, the Government will have to bear a quasi-responsibility for what appears without objection in the press. It is said that the Spanish Red Book will furnish evidence that Russia was practically a secret ally of Spain. The Russian Ambassador absented himself from Washington during the greater part of the hostilities, and was engaged in diplomatic consultations in various European capitals.

Catherine II. was a pronounced enemy of the United States during the Revolutionary War. (See Wharton's "American Revolutionary Diplomatic Correspondence," Vol. VI., p. 425.) She offered to furnish Great Britain an army of Cossacks and Tartars to help crush the Americans, but Frederick the Great refused to permit Russian troops for British use in America to cross his territory. Francis Dana, who was sent to St. Petersburg as an envoy, was subjected to mortifying rebuffs, placed under police surveillance, and his mail opened by officials. So objectionable were the conditions formulated by Catherine to Mr. Dana's being received as an envoy that he wrote to John Adams, May 15, 1783, that if the United States did not lose all sense of dignity, they would sooner resolve not to send a Minister to Russia during the life of Catherine than to accept them.

WILLIAM D. FOULKE.

Russia and America

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of the 16th inst. your staff correspondent in Washington concludes his letter by a quotation from a Russian diplomat, claiming that a historic friendship exists between Russia and the United States, founded on Russia's aid in America's need forty years ago.

Is not this whole story a fable fostered for a purpose? Does it rest upon any foundation of fact? If I am right in my opinion, Russia at that time was crippled and impotent for good or harm, so far as the United States was concerned: her fleet at the bottom of the Black or Baltic Seas; her finances exhausted; her power by sea or land fettered in consequence of the Crimean War. Can any student of modern history verify in any way the generally received opinion that any proffer of help of any kind was made by Russia to this people? It is an important question that should be easily answered. For myself, I am ignorant of any real reason to credit the story. I cannot believe it without evidence; for a more unnatural alliance the world never saw.

M. P.

Service Pensions

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have just read the article on pensions in your issue of February 6 entitled "Halt!" I have been a constant reader of your paper for many years and can generally agree with you, and always believe in your fairness and adherence in what you believe to be right. But I do not believe the writer of the article named understands the needs of the old soldiers or the workings of the pension system. In the first place, all the dead beats, the men who were a burden to the Government as long as they were on the rolls, have been drawing pensions these many years; they had *hospital* records and are generally drawing more than $12 per month, so the new bills will not affect them. All of those who were clearly entitled to pensions, who have applied, are also on the list; the class, generally speaking, who would be benefited by the proposed bill are those who escaped wounds during the war but who have never recovered from the loss of the most valuable years of their lives. The bulk of them were boys, literally, not figuratively, speaking, as shown by figures published recently and accredited to Adjutant-General Byers, of this State. There were 2,159,798 boys who were twenty-one and under, and only 681,748 who were twenty-two and over, who enlisted during the Civil War.

The influence of army life on these boys has never been appreciated by those who did not experience it. It took years for the best of them to outgrow it, and the rest never have done so. I can look back and see many of those who were the brightest and best in the service who have never recovered from the loss of training that they should have had to hold their place in the world and from habits acquired that nothing but war service would make possible.

In other words, the difference between four years of home and school life and four years of army life on the future of a boy who went into the army at eighteen can hardly be estimated; the loss of an arm or leg would be small compared to it. It was the younger men who stood the physical test the best and who were mustered out at the close of the war, and it was they who suffered most from the evil influences of army life. The real evils of the pension system, that is, the giving of pensions to the dishonest and undeserving, are past; nearly all those who ought not to have had pensions now have them, and to ease the last few years of those who lost their opportunities by reason of the service they gave certainly seems to me but an act of justice and a fulfillment of promises made at the time of enlistment. So far as the money is concerned, there is no money disbursed by the Government that goes into channels where the public gets as much good from it as it does from pension money. It nearly all goes into circulation at once, and saves the States from providing it in other forms. And so far as the soldiers of the Civil War are concerned, the list will decrease very rapidly, and it can be but a few years before it will be closed.

I was born September 27, 1847, enlisted in Company B, 26th Illinois Infantry, February 11, 1864, as a recruit, joined the regiment at Scottsboro, Alabama, and was with Sherman's army to the close of the war. I have been a member of the Grand Army of the Republic for over twenty years, so have been in touch with the common soldier all the time since my enlistment. I have never applied for a pension and have tried to be honest with myself and country, and have watched the pension system closely and understand its abuses, but believe that the greatest justice and fairness that has ever come from it would be the passage of the Grand Army of the Republic bill now before Congress. HARWOOD SHARP.

Humboldt, Iowa.

Save the Big Trees

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The movement to save the Big Trees of California is gaining substantial headway. Pennsylvania, through its Forestry Commission, has secured the pledges of twenty-two out of thirty-four members of Congress. The Governor of Iowa is at work with the Iowa delegation to the same end. The local branches of the American Park and Outdoor Association, the Olmsted Brothers, Manning Brothers, and others, are working in Massachusetts, Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota, Illinois, Vermont, Utah, Oregon—in all, twenty States are represented in the effort. The "Mammoth Grove" of the Calaveras big trees is not a large one, containing only about one hundred trees, but it is distinctly the most important, historically, of all the Sequoias existing. With these few trees are interwoven most of the literature of the species, and the observations of the world's most eminent men of science. These trees were the first of the species seen by the white race (in the spring of 1852). They remained for a number of years the only ones known.

The Senate Report to the Fifty-sixth Congress quotes Professor Dudley to the following effect:

"To my mind, one of the reasons making it almost imperative for scientific men to use every effort to preserve this grove lies in the table of careful measurements of many individuals of this grove (mentioning each tree by name) by Josiah Whitney, Director of the California Geological Survey, nearly thirty years ago. Already remeasurements would make interesting comparisons, and in fifty or one hundred years from the date of measurements comparisons with the original measurements would furnish invaluable data on the rate of growth of these giants. Few authentic measurements have been made of any other big trees since —none until recent years.

"Probably few scientific men of eminence visiting the Pacfic coast have failed to visit this grove, and, indeed, few have visited any other big trees, except of late years the Mariposa Grove. Asa Gray, John Torrey, Sir Joseph Hooker, John Muir, are a few of them only. Their published observations, with those of Whitney and his assistants, have become classics in scientific literature."

In pleading for the preservation of these trees the Outdoor American League of California summarizes the facts about them in this way:

"The dimensions of the Big Tree are unequaled. The age of the Big Tree makes it the oldest living thing. The majestic beauty of the Big Tree is unique and world-renowned. It now exists only in ten isolated groves on the west slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and nowhere else in the world. The Mariposa Grove is to-day the only one of consequence which is completely protected. Most of the scattered groves of Big Trees are privately owned, and therefore in danger of destruction. Lumbering is rapidly sweeping them off; forty mills and logging companies are now at work wholly or in part upon Big Tree timber. The southern groves show some reproduction, through which there is hope of perpetuating these groves; in the northern groves the species hardly holds its own. The species represents a surviving prehistoric genus of trees once growing widely over the globe."

A Correction

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I wish to call your attention to a mistake in a late number of The Outlook. You referred to the loss by fire of the building of the "American College for Girls" in Erzeroum. The "American College for Girls" is the technical name of the chartered cosmopolitan college for women in Constantinople similar to Robert College for men. The building destroyed in Erzeroum belonged to a small mission school of preparatory grade for Armenian girls only. I am sorry the mistake was made, as it is confusing to people who have rather vague ideas in regard to geography in Turkey.

MARY MILLS PATRICK.